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NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A Tale of Kentucky.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

EYELIGHT.

"FOLLOW—follow!" aspirated Neverfail.

Lockwood obeyed, yielding as a child to the instructions of his preserver. The fire had burned low; but a few blackened brands lay smouldering upon the ground; beside which a solitary watchman was sitting. Weary of his long vigil—it was past midnight—he slept, but not soundly. It was needful to pass very near him. As they were passing him he opened his eyes, and—forgetful for a moment of his situation—stared vacantly at Neverfail, who was in advance. It was not a time to hesitate. The forester's left hand was laid upon his scalp-lock—he drew back his head with a jerk—a steel blade flashed in his right hand—it was buried in the Indian's throat. There was a hollow gurgle, but no more; his body swayed helplessly to the earth—and there was nothing to fear from him; his voice would raise no more the cry of warning.

"It was needful," whispered the forester. "It is his blood that redeems you from captivity. This way—this way—silently—silently!"

With wary footsteps they stole from the village of the Chickasaws and were soon in the shadows of the forest. Lockwood essayed to express his feelings of gratitude.

"I aint parfict," said the forester, earnestly. "I've a great many things to repent of, which ought to keep me mindful of my imperfections, and prevent me taking too much credit to myself for any deed I may have done durin' my life of a meritorious natur; but bad as I am I should have been much worse if I hadn't followed ye like a friend and watched the red Philistines night and day till I rescued ye. Could I lay down and sleep when I knew a feller-critter was in danger? Would the forests look green and pleasant when I knew a comrade could behold them no more with pleasure? Would the flesh of the deer be sweet to my taste, or the cool waters of the woodland spring quench my thirst, when the hand of the heathen was heavy on a friend? Certainly not. My eyes would be wakeful of nights and wait in vain for the coming of sleep."

Neverfail paused and added, presently:

"But 'tisn't my way to be talkin' of myself. My life is one of action and not of talk. And, would you believe it? there is a kind of fascination about the trail. I suppose it comes of long habit. I seem to be best content when every step has to be taken with caution. There's no great credit in what I do, because it's a sort of second natur. The flutter of leaves, the murmur of streams, the notes of birds, the mighty cry of wild animals, are things that I love to hear. I am pleased with an hour and a scene like this; it makes me strong and self-reliant. See! above us are the hosts of heaven, and below the teeming earth, the home of man and beast, variegated with hills and valleys, rivers, lakes and mountains, flowers and forests. And to all these, danger lends its strange enchantment."

Neverfail stood very erect, and looking up through the branches of the trees, he exultingly exclaimed:

"Give me the life of a forester forever!"

"It is full of peril; but the peril makes it sweeter. It is dangerous, and fascinating because it is dangerous. All that you have been saying I think I can understand. Now let me ask if you have heard of Billy White?"

"I am sorry to say I haven't. If he was captured, it was by another party, and he must have been carried to another village more remote."

"And Nolan?"

"I persuaded him to return to Fort Waldron two days after your capture. We had a narrow run of it to get away, but managed to give 'em the slip. Long Bill wasn't so lucky."

"No; but I trust he will return to the fort in safety before a long time elapses. And now, brave forester, I thank you once more for giving me life and liberty."

"It's nothin'. When we've done our very best, you know we've done our duty only. I aint parfict, and shan't be for a long time to come. Rifles and Redskins!"

"How far may we be from the nearest Cherokee village?" the borderer inquired, thoughtfully.

"I think we might reach it in a day and a night."

"That is my own impression," said the borderer. "And it is imperatively necessary that I should avail myself of the first hours of liberty to discharge a duty which I undertook in good faith and in all earnestness. I will present myself before Alabamon and lay before him the business entrusted to my discretion. My friend, what is your opinion of the expediency of this step?"

"If it is to be undertaken at all, the sooner it is in execution the better it will be for your chances of success. The breach, you know, is growin' wider every day; and though there isn't much prospect that it will ever be less, yet if the experiment is to be tried, it can't possibly be too soon. If duty says 'Go,' go, by all means."

"I will do so. I will accompany you till morning toward the fort, and then I will bid you farewell—till we meet again."

"Rifles and Redskins! I said I'd go with you, and when I say a thing I abide by it. Come! If you don't want to see me angry, cease to treat me as a child. Am I a coward, that I should forfeit my word? Am I a faint-hearted fool, that I should sneak back to Fort Waldron and leave you to brave the perils of your mission alone? You've talked in that way afore, and I don't want to hear any more on't. The affair was settled long ago. If there was a redskin ahind every tree atween here and the village of Alabamon, I'd go and nothin' airthly should stop me—save a bullet or a deadly thrust of the knife, or a fatal chop of the tomahawk."

Neverfail drew the ramrod from the iron thimbles and thrust it energetically down the barrel of Sureaim to see if the ball was well driven home—an operation arising more from habit than necessity—muttering as he did so, "Rifles and Redskins!"

"Friend Neverfail—I may call you friend after to-night—you are rightly attempered for a life like this. Nature has gifted you with a fearless and lofty spirit. I am glad to be indebted to you. A remembered obligation can never be anything but a real pleasure to one who carries so brave a heart. After what you have said I will not attempt to change your resolution. I know such an endeavor would be useless; but if this enterprise should result unfortunately to you, the knowledge that I am the cause of it would embitter the remainder of my existence."

"You are rather too parfict for the times. I must die, in the course of natur, in one way or another, and it wont be by chance when I do. The time when I'm to give up and go was fixed afore I received my mother's first kiss. It was fixed long, long ago; fixed, perhaps, afore I had a conscious bein'. You nor no other man can be to blame when the term is up and the Messenger says 'Come, Neverfail, it is time to depart. Your little day has expired—your sun is low in the west.'

"I shall answer, I aint parfict, I never *shall* be if I live ever so long, and I might as well go first as last. Lead the way, and the old forester will foller down into the valley where the shadow is heavy and dark."

Theodore made no rejoinder, but looked thoughtfully at the dim figure of Neverfail, who, arousing himself anon from the revery into which he seemed to have fallen, plunged boldly into the recesses of the wide and silent forest.

The younger man followed with the same celerity of movement that marked the motions of his guide, thinking of his escape, of Billy White, of Piper, Martin Higsby, Trailseer and Judith. He indulged, also, in various speculations in regard to the result of his present mission. He hoped to restore the Under-witted to his friends and guardians before addressing himself to this nearly hopeless undertaking; but delay he considered no longer pardonable; hence he trusted Judith would acquit him of lukewarmness in her service.

They did not stop to partake of refreshments until morning, when, having eaten of such fare as the wilds of Kentucky then afforded, they slept two hours and then pursued their pathless way, in better spirits; nor did they halt again until sunset.

"We are now," said Neverfail, "within a mile of a Cherokee village. Can you speak the Cherokee language?"

"Very imperfectly," the borderer answered.

"I can speak it like a native, and purpose passin' among 'em as an Ingin of another tribe, actin' in the capacity of interpreter for you."

"And he must have sharp eyes who can know you through your present disguise. Surely you are the counterpart of a redskin. Shall we enter the village to-night?"

"I should recommend waiting until mornin'. Meanwhile, we will move on within sight of the heathen town."

The village was romantically situated. Near it was a fine stream of water, margined with fertile bottom-lands, upon which the natives had planted corn, and which was now growing luxuriantly rank and green. The lodges were built on a flowery plateau, extending from the bottom-lands to the long line of dense forests in the background.

It was early in the evening when Lockwood and the forester came in sight of this pretty picture; it was lying tranquilly beneath the fairy light of the newly-risen moon. They were struck with its quiet beauty.

"I wonder not," said Theodore, "that the Indian loves his mode of life."

"Neither do I," the forester answered, impressively. "This is a lovely spot. Who would not love to pass his days here. Truly, civilization will destroy the beauty of this paradise. The axe will deface all that is delightful here."

"It will, indeed. Ah, here beneath the kingly arms of these trees the youths woo the maidens of their tribe, perchance! The Great Spirit knows, only, how many vows have been spoken on the very spot where we stand."

"No doubt. And here comes one for that very purpose, I dare say."

"Where?"

"There. It's a female, you see, and she walks slowly this way. Let us hide ourselves hereabouts and watch this wooin'; for I doubt not some young heathen will foller her. These Ingin gals are much like white ones about courtin' matters, and like to have somebody breakin' their hearts for 'em. It's human natur, you know, any how."

The figure which the ready eyes of Neverfail had fallen upon, seemed indeed to be approaching the place where the two men were standing although she advanced moderately, pausing occasionally to contemplate the beauty of the scene; for it must not be believed that the Indian cannot appreciate the works of nature.

The forester and Lockwood secreted themselves among the clustering vines, at the roots of a tree, from which hiding-place they observed the gradual approach of the Cherokee girl; for her gait and her dress both indicated that she was young. She came within a few yards of the spot where they were concealed; and the moonlight streaming upon her face and form, showed her possessed of no common order of beauty. Her person was of medium height and very shapely. Her features were dark, but notably handsome. Her dress was of a kind worn by the daughters of distinguished chiefs and princesses. It was of the richest stuff within reach of Indian skill and commerce, elaborately ornamented and picturesque.

The borderer queried whether he had ever seen garments more neat and becoming. He was, in truth, singularly interested in this Cherokee maiden. He wondered that a being so fair could be found among a savage people. She reminded him of the heroines of some of the old romances he had read in his boyhood. He entertained fears lest this fair presentment should grow old and ugly beneath his gaze, or melt quite away in the moonlit air. It was possible and even probable, he thought, that the silvery light of the hour threw a delusive charm about the person of the girl that day and sunlight would dispel. He almost hoped that it might be so; and he should see, on the morrow, when he presented himself before Alabamon, a plain Indian maiden with little of the soft witchery about her that now filled him with surprise and admiration.

"He comes!" whispered the borderer.

Lockwood's regards had been so fixed upon the Cherokee girl that he had not once looked for the coming of a second party. The words of his friend caused him to look toward the lodges. He beheld another figure advancing—a figure tall and straight and walking proudly.

The Indian girl seemed unconscious that any one was coming until he drew near; she then perceived him with a start of surprise that was very natural, surely, if feigned. The borderer uncharitably thought it a pretty piece of coquetry, studied for the occasion.

"That proud steppin' critter isn't altogether strange to me, I take it," Neverfail whispered.

"It is the son of Alabamon!" said Lockwood.

"Yes, 'tis Trailseer! I should know him among a thousan'. But the gal's a little agitated. She appears undecided whether to wait his comin' or run for it."

"It is sheer affectation, I dare say."

"A trifle too natural, for that. But let us look and listen."

It was indeed Trailseer who came. There could now be no doubt respecting his identity. The girl evinced signs of reluctance and trepidation as he neared her which shook Lockwood's expressed opinion of her ingennousness. Her manner betokened a real disinclination to an interview, then and there. Trailseer addressed her in the Cherokee tongue, and she replied in the same language. For the reader's sake I translate the conversation into English—for I translate Cherokee and Choctaw with remarkable felicity.

"Eyelight," said Trailseer, "I watched your footsteps and I have come to speak with you. The Great Spirit smiles on the earth to night. See the threads of silver lying across the lodges and upon the waving grass. This is very pleasant; it bespeaks the love of the Master of Life for the red man."

"I wished," answered the maiden, "to be alone. I thought to commune silently with the stars and with the goodly moon. It was not wise to seek me."

"Does Eyelight fear to be alone with Trailseer? Does she doubt his friendship, or distrust the strength of his arm to protect her? There was a time when she did not wish to fly at his approach."

"Trailseer is my friend and brother. In the hour of danger I would trust my life in his keeping. I know his arm would be strong in my defence."

"So strong," said Trailseer, with enthusiasm, "that it should beat back a score of foes and never cease to strike till its pulses ceased to throb. So strong that there is nothing he would not attempt, to win a smile from the lips of Eyelight."

"Let us walk toward the lodges," suggested Eyelight, quickly.

"Not yet—not yet!" exclaimed the Cherokee, with earnestness. "Trailseer's heart is heavy to-night. He would speak; but his tongue is slow to utter the words that are in his thoughts."

"Trailseer, speak them not!" returned the maiden, hurriedly. "Let your words remain forever unuttered. You are the proud bird whose flight is high, and that loves to wheel in fierce circles above the field of battle. I am but the faint-hearted dove that aspires not to try the upper air, and whose beak delighteth not in blood. Pass on and stoop not in your course. The earth for me, the air for you."

Trailseer spoke not immediately. He bowed his chin upon his chest, and with folded arms stood breathing heavily.

"And must it indeed be so!" he exclaimed, at length, in a melancholy voice. "Must I fly forever mateless through the skies?"

"You will find one with a spirit high and proud like your own. You will find her among the maidens of the Cherokee," responded Eyelight.

Trailseer turned his eyes toward the west, gazing a moment at the dim clouds in silence.

"Eyelight," his tones were subdued and touching—"that cannot be. There is but one voice that stirs the heart of Trailseer. There is but one face that is beautiful to him. I will tread the way alone to the land of souls. They say the pathway is yonder, toward the clouds that lie in the distant mountains. I will go and fight the pale face. I will die in battle. I will travel swiftly to the shadowy realms of the dead, and with the spirits of my fathers wait the coming of Eyelight. I will stand on the misty verge of that far-off country to be the first to greet the beloved of my soul."

The young chief continued to gaze at the mystic west. To him it was full of strange life. He peopled it with the ghosts of the Cherokee. He graced it with fairy forms. He spread glorious hunting-grounds across the airy arches. He saw rivers and forests, golden mountains and paradisiacal plains. In that moment the spirit of Trailseer wished to be there. He cared not how soon the knife of the pale-face pierced his brave heart.

Eyelight sighed. The borderer thought there was a brief softening of her purpose—a partial yielding to his overpowering love.

"Strong-hearted warrior, do not grieve. If it had been the will of the Great Spirit that what you desire should be, it would have been; but as it has not been his pleasure so to decree, it cannot, cannot be. Have more hopeful thoughts. You will be a great chief. Prepare yourself to rule your people wisely. Make peace with the whites and thus guard them against total destruction. Cultivate the arts of civilization—"

"Never! never!" cried Trailseer, setting his teeth firmly together and panting like an overdriven steed. "Peace with the pale-face? Never! Think you, Eyelight, that I will crouch like a dog at the feet of the white man to save the remnant of my tribe? No! it is better to die. Death is but a short agony, and is sweet to the brave warrior, when he falls fighting for his beloved inheritance. I swear by the Great Monedo, and by yonder dim and distant country, that I will never counsel my father to peace and amity with the rapacious whites. We can perish, but we cannot be conquered. We know how to die. We laugh at the torture. Our young braves taunt the torturers with their dying breath. They smile the smile of heroes when the wasting fire burns their bones."

"You see, O Trailseer, how our minds differ. I hate war. I shrink at the sight of blood. I pray daily to the Great Spirit for peace. You invoke strife and horror. *You* shout with joy when the white man bleeds; *I* weep when he is wounded, and lament with tears over the blackened brands of burning cabins. I know that the conflict of human passion is strong. How then, can we agree together? We cannot. But I must not forget that you have been kind. You have been to me as a brother—I will remember you as such. I will think of you till *I* also go to that country of souls that stretches beyond the farthest atmospheres of the earth. Generous, noble Trailseer, I will meet you there. But here, *here* we can—"

"Do not speak it! Strike this sharp steel to my heart; but in the name of Monedo do not speak it! From your beloved lips I wish not to hear such words. Be silent. Do not stir up what is terrible within me."

"O, you cannot be terrible with me! You have ever been gentle as the tame fawn that feeds among the lodges, and that greets me gladly with its soft eyes."

"Go, Eyelight! Go!" exclaimed the Cherokee, in a voice agitated and panting.

"Since you bid me, I will return to the lodges, but not because I fear you," replied the maiden, shrinking from him in spite of this assurance.

He pointed toward the lodges without speaking. Eyelight looked sadly at him for a moment and then hurried away. Trailseer drew his knife partially from its sheath, held it there a moment and returned it slowly to its place.

"No," he exclaimed. "It is better to die in battle."

He was silent again, pressed his hands to his forehead and his muscular form shook with inexpressible emotion.

"Yes, it were more fitting that the son of Alabamon should fall in battle. The clashing of weapons, the rattling of fire-arms, the shouts of the warriors will fire up his soul and move him to mighty deeds. Wounded to the death, he will expire breathing defiance and hatred to the foe."

Eyelight was now at a considerable distance. Trailseer turned his eyes upon her lessening figure, and gazed after her as if in her person was concentrated all that he desired upon earth.

"The light of my life has gone out," he added. "Love lives not for me. There remains but hatred to the enemies of my race." With bowed head the Cherokee slowly left the stop, walking with heavy steps along the margin of the forest.

"You see that the heathen has his feelin's," said the forester. "The copper color of his skin don't seem to make no great difference in regard to these things. He loves, and loves forever. He hates, and hates forever. That redskin carries with him a sorrowful heart. It will be many and many a day afore it grows light as afore he was bewitched by that heathen gal."

"One can scarcely call her a heathen," returned Lockwood. "Her beauty will bear comparison with the fairest of our own maidens."

"She's well-nigh as parfict in looks as we can expect a human critter to be. It's strange that a descendant of these pagans should inherit such a form and sich a voice. But the ways of nature is incomprehensible."

CHAPTER XVII.

ALABAMON.

As soon as the hum of life was heard in the Cherokee village in the morning, Lockwood and Neverfail made preparations to enter the town. For want of a better flag of truce, a handkerchief was used that was neither white nor clean, but which subserved their purpose very well. The forester carried this unique flag at the end of a hickory stick.

Their appearance created a sensation. The

news was communicated to Alabamon that two strangers were approaching the village. Presently Trailseer advanced to meet them, attended by a dozen stout warriors. His countenance was cold and stern in its expression. He glanced suspiciously at Neverfail, who still wore his Indian disguise, and asked: "What tribe?"

"From a tribe of brave men, further to the north," answered the forester.

"What is the name of that tribe?" Trailseer demanded, with a sneer.

"The tribe of the Hurons!" returned Neverfail.

"We are at war with the Hurons," replied Trailseer, cauningly. "And when we are at war we kill our enemies wherever we can find them."

"I would see the great chief, Alabamon," said Lockwood, with dignity. "Lead us to him."

"Cloudysky, I warned you not to come. I told you that death awaited you here. But you have scorned my words. You have come to die. Come! you shall see Alabamon."

Trailseer strode toward the lodge of Alabamon, and the borderer and Neverfail followed in silence. Stern old warriors and fiery young braves bowed at them as they passed on. They found Alabamon seated on a panther skin at the door of his lodge. He was of a strong physical frame, but considerably advanced in years; although much of the fierce and restless energy of youth was in his blood. His hair was gray, his aspect venerable.

Two buffalo skins were brought out of the lodge and spread on the ground. Lockwood and the forester sat down upon them before speaking, when Alabamon, by an impatient gesture, signified he was ready to hear what they had to say.

"I have come," said Lockwood, "to have a talk of peace."

"Let your people pull down their cabins and forts on the Kentucky, and retire to their own country, and I will listen to your talk; till then my ears are deaf," replied Alabamon, sternly.

"My people," answered Lockwood, firmly, "own by purchase all the land south of the Kentucky River. The whole tract of country lying between the Cumberland River and Mountains and the Kentucky River south of the Ohio, has passed into the hands of the white man. This is known unto you, and yet you deny us peaceable occupation of the soil. I would adjust these differences and misunderstandings, if possible, in a manner satisfactory to all parties concerned. War is a curse to any country; and in this war your people must eventually suffer the greatest calamities. My nation is powerful; but it wishes not to employ its power to your destruction. It is not good that perpetual enmity should exist between us. It is not too late to be friends. The whole earth belongs to the Great Spirit; he is willing that all should dwell upon it. He has made it large enough for his red and white children. He is angry when they disagree and dig up the hatchet. Let us be wise and act like men. Let us repair the breach before it is widened by new acts of hostility. Today we may smoke the pipe of peace; but tomorrow it may be too late."

"This is the white man's talk. We have heard it before. We know well what it means. We have learned by experience and we shall not soon forget. Our memory is good. Your talk is foolish. Had you been wise you would not have thrust your head into the bear's den; his growl would have warned you that it was dangerous. While now you have acted like the foolish fly that flies into the spider's web," replied the chief, with increasing impatience. It was evident that he was full of bitterness and restrained himself by a strong effort.

"I have come to you, Alabamon, as an agent of the governor of one of the powerful border States. I am here in good faith, and expect to be treated accordingly. If you respect not the character in which I come, you will invoke the displeasure of one who commands armies and sends soldiers to battle. I say not this to intimidate. I wish not to terrify but to reason."

"Are we children that we should be frightened by your threats? Are we fools that we should listen to the white man's reason!" cried Alabamon, angrily. "The pale-face reasons well for himself, but poorly for us."

"Alabamon is known as a mighty warrior among the tribes of the red men; let him also be known for his humanity to his people."

"Hooh! My people ask not for such humanity as you talk of. They ask for their own; with that they will be content. But if you rob them, they ask but the privilege of dying on the noble hunting grounds of the rolling Kain-tuckkee. Death will be sweet to the Cherokee when he dies taking vengeance on the enemies of his race and the robbers of his possessions."

There was a murmur of applause among the braves that had gathered about the chief.

"Alabamon, do you wish to preserve your people? Would you have a posterity to remember the greatness of your name with reverence?"

Alabamon paused, as if lost in reflection.

"Our choice is made," he said at length. "We will live upon our own, or we will die upon it. Coming generations shall say: 'The Cherokees are buried here.' This ends our talk of peace."

Alabamon now fixed his eyes upon Neverfail.

"Who is this? Has *he* come to talk of peace, too?" he asked.

Neverfail arose to his feet. He drew himself up and returned the searching gaze of the Indian. He held his long rifle in his left hand—as was his custom—by his side.

"I come from toward the rising sun. I am of the Six Nations. The blood of the Delaware is in my veins. I am here because I am the friend of the white man!" he said, speaking in the Cherokee tongue.

"Ha!" exclaimed Trailseer. "Not long since this stranger was a Huron."

"I talk not with boys!" returned the forester, loftily. "I talk only with chiefs and warriors!"

"And what is the son of Alabamon!" replied Trailseer, looking fiercely at the forester.

"I don't know him. He has the face of a child. He may be the lover of some Cherokee maiden, with whom he walks by moonlight. How should I know aught of one so young?" retorted Neverfail, turning his back partially toward the young chief.

Trailseer writhed under this cutting sarcasm, and more than once his hand wandered to the handle of his knife.

"The Delaware talks bravely. We shall see how he acts when he feels the fire!" he replied.

"We wish to have no more people sent to us to make bargains," said Alabamon. "We will kill them as fast as they come. The pale-faces have made bargains enough with the Indians; we'll have no more of them. We need to make examples. We will begin with you."

"Cowards, only, murder people who go among them peaceably and under a flag of truce," the forester answered.

"Let the Delaware wash his face!" said Trailseer.

At that instant Lockwood saw Eyelight glide in among the warriors and approach Trailseer and Alabamon. His blood quickened at the sight of her beautiful form, contrasted, as it was, with the brawny figures of sturdy braves.

"You have come to us with lies in your mouth," added Alabamon, addressing the forester. "Once more I ask, who you are?"

Neverfail became more erect. He held his rifle with more firmness. The calm determination of a hero was palpable in his eyes. He struck himself gently upon the breast.

"I am Neverfail," he said, and then touching his rifle, added, "and this is Suredeath!"

Alabamon sprang to his feet as if he were a young brave, exclaiming, "Nushka! Nushka! Nightwalker, I thank you for coming to give us your life!"

Muttered execrations arose from the lips of the Cherokees. They pressed forward to look at the man whose name had been so terrible. Some of the women shrieked the names of relatives lost by his hand. Trailseer alone remained calm.

"Look yonder," said Alabamon, pointing at the sun with solemnity.

"I see it," replied Neverfail, quietly.

"It is a great thing to lose the sight of it; but to you it will soon be extinguished."

"Death will rob us all of the sight of it," added the forester.

"In your case I will anticipate death," resumed Alabamon, in a deep and meaning voice.

"The Master of Life orders all," returned Neverfail.

"Nightwalker, we have wanted you long. We have sought you in many places, but you have been more cunning than the wily fox. Your eyes have been terrible when they looked through the sights of Suredeath. Nightwalker, I will put out your eyes!"

This terrible announcement was received with yells of delight.

He saw Eyelight put her hand upon Trailseer's arm and speak to him in a low voice. He did not answer. A slight change passed over his face, but there was no other indication that he heard her.

Neverfail's sunburned features might have paled a little, but he stood erect, as before, nor quailed before the malignant glances of the chief.

"I must suffer what it is decreed I shall suffer; though the flesh is weak. Cruelty is what I never practised yet upon an enemy; but I can't expect nothin' different from the heathen. Cruelty is in their natur and must come out. I've slain none of your people but in self-defence. I've hunted an Injin for the take of killin' him."

While the forester was speaking, Eyelight advanced timidly to Alabamon, who put her from him gently with his hand.

"This is no place for Eyelight," he said. "Her heart is too soft to be here." Then addressing Trailseer: "Let him be bound."

"I am Neverfail, and this is Suredeath! Back, back! every one of you!" cried the forester, in a loud and terrible voice. He struck down a warrior with his rifle, and leaping like a deer over the head of another, bounded away with astonishing speed. The fleetest braves followed, but he distanced them all. On the margin of the forest he paused; and Lockwood saw Suredeath leap to his shoulder; it spoke out in fire and lead, and a Cherokee sprang high into the air and fell dead, shot through the brain.

The ringing voice of Neverfail came clearly across the plateau.

"I am Neverfail and this is Suredeath!"

The forester waved his hand and sprang into the wood and was out of sight in an instant.

Alabamon foamed with rage, but Trailseer manifested no emotion.

"Are we a nation of old women!" exclaimed Alabamon, "that we should suffer a single pale-face to escape out of our midst, and walk over us as if we were a herd of deer!"

"Your warriors are bold and active," said Eyelight, soothingly; "but Nightwalker has the heart of a lion. Has not one of the famed medicine men predicted that he will never fall by the hand of the Cherokee? If Monedo has willed it thus, how can you thwart his purposes? Be not angry, therefore, with your braves because this daring pale-face has escaped."

"Daughter," answered Alabamon, in a softened tone, "I know that you cannot forget the white race. I know that your tongue will plead for our enemies. It is well; I will not complain. You inherited it from the blood from which you sprung. You will be true to your nature and I to mine. You know not the stern joy which I felt at seeing this wily Long-Knife in my power. Neither can you comprehend the grief and mortification with which I have witnessed his escape. I intended that he should feel the weight of my fury. But he has baffled me, and covered my people with shame."

Then, addressing Lockwood:

"Pale-face, you deserve to die like a dog for your temerity! You took us to be squaws. You came here to flatter and to threaten, and so delude us into more bargains; but we trade no more. In future, we deal with the white man with the tomahawk and with the gun. To-morrow your fate shall be decided."

"I am but one; you are surrounded by warriors who obey your commands with alacrity. I came in good faith, trusting in your generosity. I said 'Alabamon is brave and magnanimous. He will scorn to take advantage of one who confides in his honor.' I was mistaken. He is not what I expected. His judgment is perverted. He is blood thirsty and malignant."

"I do not hear your talk; the ears of Alabamon are closed."

The borderer observed that Eyelight again addressed Trailseer in a suppressed voice, who, turning to the old chief, said:

"My father, this is Cloudysky; I know him!"

The young Cherokee hesitated. Eyelight touched him softly upon the arm, and he resumed.

"Not many days have passed since my life was in his power; but he did not take it. Father, I will be answerable for Cloudysky. When you say 'Bring forth the white prisoner,' he shall come, or Trailseer will suffer his fate."

"That is sufficient. The word of my son is enough; he cannot lie like the paleskins."

Alabamon said no more, but entered his lodge.

"Cloudysky," added Trailseer, "you have heard my promise. Shall your pledged word be as strong as the fetters of the captive?"

The young chieftain looked proudly at the borderer; while the Cherokee maiden listened with apparent eagerness for his reply.

"Trailseer," returned Lockwood, "I shall remain here so long as you are pledged for my appearance. I would stay if I had an hundred lives to lose. No guards and no fetters are needful. Command me, and I will obey—as long as your compact with your father lasts."

"It is enough!" answered Trailseer. "You are as free as I am. Walk about our village and among our lodges at pleasure. For once, I will trust the pale-face. Warriors, do not watch him. Treat Cloudysky as a guest and a visitor, and not as an enemy or a spy."

"Son of Alabamon, I thank you. The time may yet come when you will know that I am not insensible of a noble act. Life is so full of vicissitude that no one can predict with any certainty what changes another moon may produce," replied the borderer, with much earnestness.

"A lodge will be prepared for you," added Trailseer, "which will be at your disposal while you are among us." With these words the Cherokee walked to another part of the village, leaving the borderer alone with Eyelight; for the warriors had disappeared one by one, in obedience to a gesture from the young chief.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE QUEEN'S PAGE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

URRACA, queen of Castile, sat upon the throne, and around her were some of the bravest knights and nobles of her kingdom. There was a dark cloud upon the queen's brow, and her hand trembled when she raised it from the cushion of her chair-arm.

"Sir John de Bles," she spoke in a quick, regretful tone, "stand before me."

The knight approached his queen and bowed low. He was one of the bravest of all the Christian warriors, and the handsomest in Castile. And yet he was but a mere youth—not over six-and-twenty. He held his jewelled cap in his hand, and the long white ostrich feather trailed upon the floor.

"Sir John de Bles," spoke the queen, more firmly now, "thou hast been accused of treason!"

"Of treason!" uttered the knight, starting back in horror. "Who has dared accuse me of this?"

"I do accuse thee now," replied the queen. "I tell thee, Sir John, it grieves me to the heart thus to accuse thee, but it must be done. Thou canst not deny the charge."

"But what is the charge, most gracious majesty?"

"Listen, Sir John de Bles: Didst know that our deadly enemy, Alcassim, the accursed Moor of Cordova, was in our city only on night before last?"

The knight started at these words, and for a moment he turned pale.

"Ah, Sir Knight, you tremble," cried the queen. "Was not the Moorish king in our own city on the time I have mentioned?"

"He was, most noble queen," answered the knight, now standing nobly up, and speaking frankly.

"And was he not in thine own house, Sir John de Bles?"

"He was."

"Ha! you own it! Now what was he doing there?"

"I cannot tell thee now, my queen, for I am under a solemn obligation not to do so. But as true as there is a God who sees us now, I have done no wrong."

"Done no wrong! Are your senses departed? Done no wrong, Sir Knight? Did you not know that a price had been set upon the Moor's head, and that your queen's own safety demanded his apprehension? Did you not know this?"

"I did; but I could not take him then."

"Out upon thee, recreant knight!" the queen cried, bringing her hand down smartly upon the arm of her chair. "When thou didst know that I had strained every nerve for the Moor's capture, thou didst receive him within thine own house, entertain him, and let him depart."

"I did, most gracious sovereign; but I could not have done otherwise."

"Hold, Sir John. A child could prate thus—even so a child can plead for extenuation; but it cannot avail thee. Now what did the Moor with thee?"

"I cannot tell thee."

"Cannot? Then you go to your death. Away with him! Sir Gomez Radigo, convey Sir John de Bles to the prison, and within this present hour do you bring me word that his head is off! Be speedy now, for in the miss of this thine own shall answer!"

"But, most gracious queen," uttered an old noble, moving quickly forward and kneeling, "may not Sir John have some further time to prepare himself for this? Can so noble a knight be guilty? Remember—he has done thee much service, and thou canst ill afford to spare him."

"Cease," cried the queen. "I know what Sir John de Bles has been, and his very station makes this present crime more black. Where are those whom the accursed Moors have killed? Where is Philip la Reyna—the boy who was a child to me—about whom my deepest love was gathered, and in whom I found calm joy of sweet discourse when my brain ached with the labor of state? Where is he now? Ho! would ye ask the life of one who has held the accursed Moor in his grasp, and yet sent him away to curse us more? No! Away with him! He can clear himself as well now as at any time. He has his tongue, and his memory. Let him speak if he will tell all—else let him be silent forever!"

Sir Juan Torquedo arose and moved back; and Gomez Radigo placed his hand upon Sir John's arm.

"Will you not give me until to-morrow?" asked the youthful knight, turning once more towards his queen.

"Will you tell me what passed between thee and the Moorish king?"

"I cannot now, my queen."

"Then away!" the queen cried. "If you go now, then the enemy may by their way to every house in our city with impunity. Men shall not say, the queen spared one whom she loved. Sir Gomez, within the hour bring me the word I bade thee. Away!"

With these words, Urraca arose from her chair and left the chamber, and amid a stillness broken only by the deep, painful breathing of shocked souls, Sir John de Bles was led away!

"By the One Living and True God!" uttered the old noble, Sir Juan Torquedo, "the knight is not guilty! Treason runs not in the blood of the Castilian knight! I will to his house at once and see if this mystery may not be solved!"

And in a few moments more Sir Juan Torquedo was in his saddle, and with fearful speed his horse galloped away. * * *

Within a dimly lighted apartment of the prison of Burgos stood the headsman leaning upon his axe. He was a stout, grim-looking man, and even the jailor had never seen his face, which was always covered by a black mask. Near him stood Sir John de Bles; and by the side of the latter was Gomez Radigo.

"O, Sir John!" murmured Radigo, "would to God I could save thee! But alas! I cannot."

"Never mind, Sir Gomez," returned the condemned man, calmly. "I know the duty imposed upon you. But I have one favor to ask. When the queen shall know the truth, as she most assuredly will, and is sorry for what she has done, be you sure to tell her, that ere I died I freely forgave her, and asked God to bless her."

"Hold, Sir John," cried Radigo, earnestly. "If the queen must at some time know of your innocence, then why cannot you now explain all?"

"Because I am under an oath not to do so."

"But your life, Sir John."

"Ah, Radigo—what would a knightly oath be good for, if it must be broken to save life? But," the young knight resumed, after a moment's thought, "how did the queen know that Alcassim had been with me?"

"It was one of your own men told her."

"Ha! an old man?"

"Yes."

"He's one whom I had occasion to reprimand for theft; and this is his revenge. But never mind—I die at peace with all I care for save my queen; and she shall yet respect my memory. I am ready. Say no more."

Gomez Radigo took his friend by the hand, and then turned away. De Bles knelt by the block, and opened his collar.

"Strike quickly, now," he said to the headsman; "and be sure that you strike fairly."

The dark man gave an affirmative nod, and then the knight bowed his head.

The axe was raised—the blow was carefully measured—but ere it could fall a loud, piercing cry broke upon the air. The axe sank down harmless, and the headsman turned.

"Hold! Hold! In God's name hold!" cried the voice, and in a moment more a boy rushed into the apartment. He caught the ponderous axe from the hand of the executioner and hurled it out at the window.

"Stay this bloody work!" he shouted, with all his power. "Sir John shall not die! Let him live an hour, and he shall hold his queen by the hand while she blesses God that he lives."

"Ay," uttered old Juan Torquedo, who entered at that moment, breathless and excited, "spare the noble knight for an hour, and he shall be pardoned! Sir Gomez, you have my knightly word!"

During this scene Sir John de Bles had started to his feet and caught the boy in his arms. The lad was not over fifteen years of age; pale and slim, but with large, bright eyes, and features of more than ordinary beauty.

"O!" he murmured, as he sank upon the stout knight's bosom. "I was in time—in time! I feared another moment would have been your last. Forgive me, my noble friend—forgive me."

"By my knighthood!" cried Radigo, "he shall have the time. An hour cannot be much to the queen, and it may be everything to him. The hour shall be granted, even at my own peril."

"Then come, Sir Juan," cried the boy. Come."

The queen sat in her private apartment, and she was weeping. She tried to hide the tears, but they would trickle down between her thin fingers, and her maid saw it.

"Think not of him," the latter said. "Why should you thus weep for a traitor!"

"Silence, Inez. I weep not for the traitor, but for the boldest knight my kingdom ever owned. O, de Bles! do Bles! would to God they had taken half my court, so they had left thee!"

The maid turned away, for she knew now, what she had long suspected, that the queen had loved Sir John.

"O!" Urraca resumed, raising her clasped hands to heaven, "had another housed the Moorish monarch he should have died before my very eyes; but I could not even spare thee, O, Sir John! Why did the Moor drag himself there? O, why did he not seek some other house!"

After this the queen arose and started across the room. She had hardly done so when a private door was opened, and a woman entered.

"Ha! Isabel—it's thou! Didst see him die?"

"No, no, O, my mistress—I could not!" murmured the woman. "I gained access to the prison by means of your signet, and I looked through the little window upon the scene; but I could not stay. I saw the noble knight all ready for the block—and I heard him speak to Sir Gomez."

"And what said he?" asked the queen, breathlessly.

"He said that you should at some time know he was not guilty. But he said to Radigo thus: O, I shall never forget it—he spoke so mildly and calmly, and with such honest fervor. Said he, 'Be you sure and tell the queen that ere I died I freely forgave her, and asked God to bless her!' Then I saw him pull open the collar from his fair neck and bosom, and I could hear no more!"

The queen gazed the woman in the face a few moments, and then bowing her head, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud.

Thus she stood when the same private door opened again, and the boy, whom we have seen at the prison, entered. He started towards the queen—she saw him—and with a cry of mingled joy and surprise she opened her arms and caught him to her bosom. She loved that boy better than she loved anything else on earth that could claim such love as a mother can give a child, even though he was no kin of hers.

"Philip!" she cried. "Philip la Reyna, thou hast come back to me!"

"Ay, my noble mistress," answered the page, looking up. He was her private page, and had been for three years. "I am safe—safe!"

"But how? When—did you come?"

"Listen, my mistress: Alcassim, King of Cordova, brought me hither himself. He freed me from the hands of my captors, and said he would conduct me to my home if I would pledge my honor that he should come and go without harm. I gave him the pledge. He asked me if I knew of one in the city in whom he could trust, one who would die sooner than betray a confidence? I could only think of the noble knight, Sir John de Bles, and so I told him. Then the Moor brought me clear of his camp, and with his own life at peril conducted me to the dwelling of Sir John. The knight would have brought him hither a prisoner, but I told him of the solemn pledge I had given, and then the noble knight entertained the Moor, and at night blindfolded him and conducted him out of the city. Only one man else saw him, and that was one of Sir John's old retainers. I made the noble knight swear that he would not tell of my presence until I saw you myself; and he readily took the oath, saying 'twould be a blessed surprise for his good queen."

During the recital of this short story a variety of emotions had manifested themselves upon the queen's face, and as he concluded she sank back into a chair and groaned most agonizingly.

"Just Heaven!" she gasped, starting once more to her feet, and clasping her hands. "Sir John is dead! murdered! by my own hand! O, God! he may not yet be dead! Philip—Inez—Isabel—run! Start off a courier! Bid them stay— But why thus? He is gone ere this—and with a blessing for me upon his lips! O, God, have mercy!"

"My noble mistress," spoke the page, "he is not yet dead."

"Not dead, Philip?"

"No. Sir Juan Tarquedo came to his house in hot haste to see if he could not solve the mystery which Sir John's oath to me kept him from divulging. He found me—and he told me all. I mounted with him—and we galloped off to the prison. I rushed in—and the headsman was just raising his axe. I sprang forward with a frightened cry—I caught the axe and hurled it out at the window—and finally we made Sir Gomez Radigo promise that the knight should have another hour."

"An hour? And you are direct from there?"

"Yes."

"Then he is saved! Run! Bid them bring him hither! O, if harm comes to him now there shall be wailing! Away!"

Thus speaking the queen sank back, and her page rushed from the room; and ere many moments afterwards Sir Juan was galloping off towards the prison.

Sir John de Bles walked nervously up and down the narrow house of stone, and ever and anon he would stop and listen. Not a word had been spoken there for many minutes.

"Hark!" uttered Radigo, at length. "Here comes Sir Juan. I know the tramp of that steed."

And so it proved.

"Saved! saved!" the old knight cried, as he rushed into the place. He caught Sir John by the hand, and the big tears coursed freely down his cheeks. "Come, come, Sir John—the queen wants you. She is half crazy now, and she will not be easy until she can see with her own eyes that you are safe. Come."

So away they went towards the royal palace.

The queen was fondling her page with tears in her eyes. Philip la Reyna was an orphan—the only child of a brave knight who had fallen while fighting for his queen. Urraca took Philip when he was only ten years of age, and at the age of twelve he was elevated to the post of private page. He was an affectionate, quick, intelligent, and faithful lad.

She sat thus, with Philip by her side, who had been telling her of his adventures among the Moors, when the door was opened, and the attendant announced Sir John de Bles. The queen arose and extended both her hands.

"Hold—hold, Sir John—you shall not kneel to me now. O, let me rather bow to thee."

"No, no, most noble mistress," the knight returned, "I blame thee not. Circumstances which tied my tongue gave you just ground for fears. But let me ask—suspect me not again? O, I can die for you gladly, but 'twould be a bitter death if your enmity should darken the dying hour."

"Fear not—fear not," the queen returned, "for as sure as I have sense and reason left, I will never doubt a noble knight again until I have given all opportunity he can ask for fullest proof."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

IMPROMPTU.

CONSOLATION TO A SUNBURNT BEAUTY.

BY FRANK FRESLOVE.

Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish?
The god of the lyre stoops admiringly down,
From the wine of thy cheek his own bloom to replenish—
Repay ye the kiss of a god with a frown?

Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish—
Precariously seized 'neath a straw-plaited shade?
Of all things in Cupidom slightly coquettish,
In a straw-plaited gipsie on sparkling-eyed maid!

Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish?
What though in his warmth he thy crimson embrown?
The sun-god the font of thy life shall replenish:
Then, beauty, meet thou not his kiss with a frown.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MRS. STANHOPE'S GUEST.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

A GRAY cottage, rambling, and standing large on the ground, embowered with immemorial elms and covered with a wonderful honeysuckle, made picturesque by an ancient well-sweep and by the hill—almost a mountain—rising behind; a small garden gorgeous as a prism with spring flowers, among whose treasures rolled two rosy children, guarded by a grim griffin of a nurse; a long lawn sloping down to the village street, and the river running on the other side, with pretty Mrs. Stanhope standing at the garden gate, made as charming a sunset picture beneath a mellow May sky, as could anywhere be found in this dear old Massachusetts.

Mrs. Stanhope herself, not too tall nor plump, with delicate features, fair face, the softest gray eyes in the world, and a quantity of dark hair which, after curving low down on her cheek, was hidden behind a widow's lace cap, was not by any means a disagreeable object to look upon—so, perhaps, thought the stranger riding through the street below, as he glanced up at her and glanced again—so certainly thought that venerable Coelebs the doctor, who was as broad as he was long, and who had so frequently made a serious case of a scratch for the children, that he might look at the mother—so, it is safe to declare, the unmarried rector thought, when he always looked at her listening face on Sundays, before pronouncing his text.

Widow though she was, she scarcely looked like an inconsolable one; but then she had lost her husband four years ago, when little Nell was a year and Kate two years old. She had never, if the truth must be told, loved him in the least, but married him, at the age of eighteen, because her mother, with her dying breath, forced the promise from her; and he married her, because he was determined not to be overcome by a woman—although not at all attached to her. He was about ten years her senior, fine-looking, comfortably wealthy, extremely proud, never apparently taking any means to win her love, and much from home. One day, with his usual attention to little wishes, he made his will, in which he left all his funds to her; the next day, he left in the cars for New York. The train in which he departed met with a terrible disaster, and his lifeless remains, so mangled as only to be identified on supposition by the garments, was taken from the wreck and buried in the family vault. Mrs. Stanhope, who though inexpressibly shocked was equally relieved, sold the city house at once and removed to that part of the country where we now find her.

"Come, Peg," said she, turning from the gate and addressing the dragon who guarded the children, as she saw the doctor in the street below, who looked amazingly as if he were meditating an invasion of the cottage, in company with a stranger, "I think we'll go in—the dew is falling!"

"Yes'm," retorted the grim Peg, "and ye better done it afore ye see the bolus a comin'." And catching the straggling cherubs up, one under each arm, she stalked into the house after the smiling Mrs. Stanhope.

The children were saying their little prayers at mama's knee, previous to a second irruption of the Goths in the person of Miss Peg, when with a short, premonitory knock, the doctor waddled in, but stopped at the door, backing up against the gentleman behind and causing considerable confusion in the hall, as he beheld the lady's occupation. A few moments more, the children vanished, and the doctor entered, bringing with him the stranger she had noticed in the street and introducing him as Mr. Henry, an English gentleman, who brought very good recommendations—very good recommendations indeed. Gracefully welcoming them in a manner which left it extremely to be doubted if she loved or hated the doctor, Mrs. Stanhope made them at home, and addressing a few commonplace remarks to Mr. Henry, left the doctor to open the subject-matter of his call.

"Well, Mrs. Helen," said the latter, "it's rather a queer business, and so I told the gentleman. But you see the tavern is full of folks for three weeks to come, and cannot accommodate another one. Now this gentleman's affairs necessitate his staying here two months, and noticing this cottage and liking its looks, he has requested to apply *here* for him. No unusual thing, you know, in a country village—no kind of danger—refers to the bishop and a score of D.D.s; and besides, it will be a pretty little speculation," added he, in a lower tone. "Put on what price you like, and he'll have to toe the mark. Take him myself, if my housekeeper, Peg's sister, would hear to it. What say, Mrs. Helen?"

Mrs. Helen's lip curled just the least bit, as she answered: "It is not my custom—I do not wish to be intruded on—I had rather not!"

The stranger, meantime, sat nonchalantly taking note of the exquisite appointments of the room, which, by the way, had all been substituted, since Mr. Stanhope's death, in place of the ponderous stateliness of *his* regime; now, with perfect *sang froid*, rising, he bowed and said: "Pardon my intrusion. I regret that it was necessary, and regret, as much, that my dream of New England hospitality (of which I have heard so much) is broken. Good evening."

"No, no!" said she. "I beg your pardon. Do not let me break your dream. Your proceeding is unusual—more unusual to me, perhaps, from my perfect retirement, than to others. But allow me to extend you that hospitality, sir; pray do not refuse it. I am quite ashamed; but though I do not care for a customer, I am at liberty to receive a guest, and offer you a New England welcome, though a late one."

But the stranger did not seem at all inclined to be solicited nor prevailed upon, till Dr. Brown took the case in hand, assuring him that since he must finish his business, there was no other resort for him—every place in town was full, and of course no woman would take in a perfect stranger without hesitation, and sending for his trunks, bade him make himself easy for three weeks, till the tavern was empty, and good night.

Installed in the best chamber—whose one-trellised window was just green with the curling woodbine, and the simplicity of whose black walnut and white marble furniture was only relieved by vases of flowers and a painting of the hostess when she must have been in the first blush of girlhood, but infinitely less lovely than now—the stranger suffered the fragrant smoke of his cigar to curl out across the garden, while he sat in a reverie at the window till aroused by the entrance of his servant, who slept in an adjoining closet. But pretty Mrs. Stanhope sat below in a flutter of trepidation at so unwonted an occurrence, lamenting the loss of her seclusion and the breaking up of her little feminine routine, and the next moment blaming herself for so inhospitable a spirit.

"Well, mum," said Peg, "some ud call it seeking hostility, and some larking round. For my part, all I hope is, he wont run off with the teaspoons and the yeller Carry marble vases."

"He doesn't look like that," said the mistress.

"P'r'aps not. Howsever, I wouldn't trust to 'pearances, and I shall just slip the bolt outside his door at night!"

"No, no, Peg—on no account!"

"Well, mum, just's you say!"

But Peg, an old and privileged servant, *did* slip the bolt, occasioning some wonder next morning, a blushing explanation from the hostess, a hearty laugh from the guest and an accession of ease on both sides. "Though I'm sure," thought Mrs. Stanhope, "it wasn't necessary, as far as he is concerned, for I never saw such a free and easy person in my life. I believe if I had denied him altogether, he'd have brought that horse into the drawing-room itself, and stayed whether or no!"

But Mr. Henry was absent the most of that and the two following days, so that she experienced little interruption in her pursuits, and did not at all regret the innovation. On the fourth day, Dr. Brown made his appearance, with considerable panting, and at last finding a resting-place for his mighty mass of flesh, he deposited his hat on the floor between his feet, wiped his red face with a yellow handkerchief, which he then threw with considerable dexterity into the hat, buried his elbow in his knee and said: "Good morning, Mrs. Helen. How do you get on?"

"O, very pleasantly indeed, doctor."

"No great interference—eh?"

"Not much. Who is he?"

"You know as well as I do. An Englishman, I guess—said he'd recently left the water. Dark enough for a nigger!"

This last remark was almost true, for the very dark, Spanish brown of his complexion would have caused a suspicion of a wash from the decoction of walnut bark, if the black moustache and long sweep of very black hair over a low, broad forehead, had not qualified the skin. The eyebrows, too, remarkably thick and black, overhung large black eyes; but in the face of so much blackness, he had white teeth, a pleasant smile, fine figure and agreeable manners.

"Something about his voice strikes me disagreeably," remarked Mrs. Stanhope, "but it's no matter—it wont be for long."

"I don't know, Mrs. Helen," replied the doctor, "but what it will be a good thing, for when he is gone, you'll miss masculine society and be all ready for another occupant, and I don't know but what I might ask you then to take *me* in. I think you'd do it."

"What! what! what!" cried she, turning upon him like a shrew.

"Bless my heart! what a savage little female! Can't she tell when a man's in joke!"

"I am not accustomed to be joked with thus. However," laughing, "it is as well you weren't in earnest!"

"What would you have done, if I had been?"

"Called in the other physician, young Dr. Lancet," was the reply, as little Kate ran in with a gash on her forehead, and setting up a monopoly in roaring, Dr. Brown's pocket book immediately produced a piece of sticking plaster which the doctor applied with a great degree of nicety and some waste of time; and Miss Katy appeased with an enchanting jelly patty, the fat, amatory doctor took his leave.

At dinner, Mr. Henry inquired with considerable interest into the cause of Katy's accident, and when, afterwards, as he sat in the drawing-room, one elbow on the window, his handkerchief on the knee whose foot rested free and easily on another chair, he continued watching the children somewhat gloomily, Mrs. Stanhope became quite uneasy to know if he intended kidnapping her treasures, or strangling them. Catching her eye, he smiled and said: "Do not fear. I shall not play the part of Saturn, madam."

Coloring and laughing, as she saw how ridiculous her surmises were, she replied: "I am afraid you have put yourself into very foolish company—" and stopped half way.

"A fool's *parrodise* then!" he laconically answered, while ransacking his pockets, he produced two magnetic harlequins, with actions, after an unrivalled series of gymnastics, got legs, arms, fingers, toes and noses so delightfully agglomerated that it became a day's work for the young ladies to disentangle them. "Well, Mrs. Stanhope," as he still perceived her regarding him attentively, "am I a fiend?"

"Not Saturn and hardly Satan!" she returned.

"Ah, for such a poor quibble you must be punished by a worse one," he answered, glancing at Dr. Brown, who was just entering, plump and rubicund as ever. "I see you are infatuated."

"Rather *he is*," she merrily replied.

The doctor had come up to see Kate's hurt, which mighty wound having been dressed only a few hours since, it was fair to conclude was not in a state of mortification. He furthermore informed Mrs. Helen that he had concluded to marry Peg, his housekeeper's sister, if only to spite his housekeeper; but both Mrs. Stanhope and Mr. Henry thought Peg's acquiescence doubtful, and then Dr. Brown indignantly turning to the lady, avowed that all the town were talking about her having this stranger here, and she had better send him off. Thanking him to attend to his own affairs, Mrs. Helen asked if she should send for Peg and the rector, and have the ceremony performed at once.

"No," he said, looking at Mr. Henry, "he'd wait and have two birds killed at one stone."

Mrs. Stanhope didn't see why he wanted to *kill* either of the birds—she should think he had practice enough upon human beings; and Mr. Henry quoted the old line about "winging Cupid's dart with feathers." The conversation was somewhat enlarged by the entrance of a superb greyhound, which led the doctor to lament his own.

"I can't have any more butcher's sausages," said he, "since I lost that dog; it would be cannibalism. So, Mrs. Helen Stanhope, one of my errands here was to ask your recipe for homemade ones. That dog—I used to have a peculiar whistle for him, which he always minded and which I never employed for another purpose. Two or three days after his disappearance, I was passing a market-stall and by the merest accident gave this whistle. Judge of my emotions when a whole string of sausages rushed out and ran after me pell-mell!"

Somewhat disgusted, Mrs. Stanhope hastened, with all the gravity imaginable, to hand the doctor her recipe and wish him good afternoon, that she might dress herself for a drive along the river banks with Mr. Henry. Thus the days passed pleasantly enough till the three weeks elapsed and the hotel became empty, when the stranger insisted, notwithstanding her kind entreaties, upon leaving her roof. He had informed her of his pursuit of archæological information, an occupation in which she herself could afford him much valuable assistance. He was, moreover, as she discovered, a gentleman of refinement, extensive travel, superior education, and as she judged, of considerable property. On the day he was to leave, he rode over to the next village, and returning in the evening, led his horse up the hill to meet Mrs. Stanhope at the gate and offer her his thanks for her past hospitality. As he stood there in his negligent, easy manner, on the other side, Mrs. Stanhope suffered him to finish his acknowledgments, and then said: "But the landlord came up this afternoon and requested me to furnish you a home for the remainder of your stay, because a new invoice of guests wanted all the room he had—and that is not much in a country inn—if you would be so obliging. I don't see but what you'll have to succumb to destiny."

"I don't see," said he, meditatively, "but that I shall."

"Then it is quite settled?" she asked.

"I do not wish to intrude longer on you. I must have been a great displacer of time-honored landmarks already, and have created, I fear, unwelcome disturbance."

"Not in the least. You have been a very agreeable guest. Three weeks have slipped away imperceptibly, and you have opened a new field of delightful study for me. I shall be only too happy to have you accommodate the landlord!" Her dignified manner half melted, her lovely countenance attested her sincerity, and warmly shaking her proffered hand, Mr. Henry gave the reins to his servant and entered with her the cheerful tea-room.

"O, mama," whispered little Nell, "*is* Mr. Henry going to stay?"

Her mother nodded.

"O, I am so glad!" said Kate, not at all inaudibly; "for Peg said if he didn't, you'd mope yourself to death, like that robin in the pear-tree that lost its ma—"

A sudden spoonful of sugar filled and stopped Kate's mouth, and after putting butter on the strawberries and pouring tea into the cream-pot, Mrs. Stanhope glanced confusedly up and met Mr. Henry's eye fixed rather steadily upon her. Coloring up to her forehead, she waited a moment, and then could but lean back in her chair and laugh, while Mr. Henry, taking the infection, joined her merrily enough.

"I am afraid Peg judges without her premises," said Mr. Henry.

"Peg was afraid, that first day, that you would steal the teaspoons!" added Mrs. Helen, with another laugh.

"And I was equally afraid Peg would do me some greater mischief!"

"And what was that?" But her guest was suddenly silent and grave, and she turned to other subjects.

One day, when the weeks had slid into the months and the raging heat of July was at its height, Mrs. Stanhope took a book and, with Peg and the children, went up the hill into the grove behind the house. Mr. Henry had gone out hunting at sunrise and was not yet returned. The servants were scattered, the greyhound, with his red tongue hanging out of his mouth, lay panting in the doorway, and, except when he shook himself with a snarl, everything was still in the heat of the sultry noon. They had sat about an hour in the comparatively cool shade—Peg at her sewing, the children tumbling round a few rods distant, and Mrs. Stanhope deeply engrossed with her book, when the former started to her feet, screaming: "O Lod, mum! the chillen! the dog! he is mad!"

Mrs. Stanhope threw down her book and started up. The hound, with foaming jaws and bleeding eyes, was tearing forward directly in the path of the children. A more dreadful sight could not have been conjured up. She lost her presence of mind entirely, and rushed blindly forward to her children.

"Stop—all of you! where you are!" shouted a stentorian voice on the brow of the hill.

Instinctively she obeyed. A flash, followed by a heavy crash through the sultry air, a bullet whizzed by them, and leaping from the ground with a sharp shriek, the hound fell again with his brains scattered round him, and bounding down the hill, Mr. Henry received in his arms the fainting form of the mother so suddenly relieved from such terror, and bore her into the cottage, while Peg followed with the crying and clinging children at a slower pace. When she revived, Mrs. Stanhope found herself alone with Mr. Henry, who was laving her forehead alternately with cologne and kisses, although she was quite unconscious of the latter application. Too weak to utter a word, she could only press his hands and thank him with speaking eyes, ere both the rescued juveniles, followed by Peg in a vastly more gracious spirit than ever before, entered.

"God bless ye, sir!" said she, saluting him with her hard, horny hand. "I beg your pardon about the spoons. It's naught but good's come to us with ye, sir! and it's no use resisting God's will any longer!" With which closing remark Peg meant it to be understood that she withdrew her opposition, and which, as her mistress was not at all aware of it and there did not seem to be much to oppose, was very considerate indeed!

While they were all in this tale-telling posture, a step smothered itself in the door-mat, and Miss Patty Rogers entered among them unheard—a maiden lady, who was no exception to the genus among which she was classed. Mr. Henry, with his hunting-cap and his game flung on the floor, was still bending earnestly over Mrs. Stanhope, who with one hand covering her eyes, yet suffered him to retain the other. Peg's attitude, and the distressed children, all added to Miss Patty's amazement, and stealing out again very quietly, she began forthwith a round of visits, relating the extraordinary doings at Mrs. Stanhope's, and her own assertion that she "had always said no good would come of that woman's keeping herself so high and dry above all others—with all the parsons and doctors raving over her." Having made herself very happy, the next day called again on Mrs. Stanhope, hoping to glean a few ears from the abundant harvest of yesterday. Finding her alone, Miss Patty bade her good morning with considerable unction.

"Wish you joy, my dear. When is it to be?" Mrs. Stanhope looked a little puzzled.

"When is *what* to be?" asked she.

"The wedding."

"Wedding! where?"

"Why *here*, to be sure, you innocent Abigail."

"There is to be no wedding."

"No? Then I must say it is highly improper, besides defrauding your friends of a party."

"I really don't know what you are talking about, Miss Patty!"

"Hem—presume not. Well, he is a very good age—should judge just about as old as poor, dear Mr. Stanhope would have been if he hadn't died—a little younger, perhaps!"

Never having seen Mr. Stanhope in his lifetime, this token of affectionate adjectives from Miss Patty was especially affecting. Mrs. Stanhope smiled, and said nothing. After looking out of the window a few moments, Miss Rogers resumed:

"Very good looking, too, Mr. Henry is—would be better, to be sure, if he hadn't such enormous eyebrows, and wasn't so dark, and sheared off those taglocks over his lips. But there's no accounting for tastes!"

"Do you want to see him, Miss Patty?" asked Mrs. Helen, with a pardonable affectation of simplicity.

"Good gracious! no indeed! You don't think I'm going to go to fainting in his arms? Philandering round after young men indeed! How pale you are! Bless me—it's almost dinner time! Brother Jonathan always dines at twelve, and I haven't minced the fish yet! Good morning."

Left alone, Mrs. Helen, in her thoughts, took up the same thread, broken by Miss Patty's visit, which had led her to a slight but partial revelation of the state of her feelings. She knew herself to be interested in her guest, and to feel for him a warm friendship, now augmented by the fact that he was the deliverer of her children from a dreadful death, and had manifested an equal degree of friendship for herself. Her revery was interrupted by the entrance of the individual in question, with an open letter in his hand.

"My dear Mrs. Helen"—he had long since adopted Dr. Brown's mode of address—"I find I must leave you!"

She laid down her sewing-work and turned very pale, while vainly endeavoring to speak.

"My residence with you," continued he, "has been made only too delightful by your kind attentions, and I can but thank you a thousand times for your hospitality before I go. I must leave very soon—but pray do not let me interrupt!" as Peg, with a budget of matters requiring her attendance, entered.

Her eyes followed him wistfully and in silence as he stepped out upon the verandah, and then, waving Peg away, she sought her own room. Mr. Henry dined alone that day, and considerably later, Peg, who began to discover the state of things, commenced a loud outcry against tobacco smoke.

"Can't stir—always a man round in the house!" Sniff—sniff. "Hum—smoke again! Smoke here—there—everywhere—up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber!" all through the dining room and the drawing-room—"even in my misis—poor missis'"—with a sigh—"drawers and boxes! and as for the best chamber, it smells like a smoke-house! Couldn't get the small pox if we tried! Shouldn't wonder if that *vully* of his took to't desperate. Cigars! cigars! Can't unfold a towel without you feel's if the universal earth was smoke. It's in the coffee and in the honysletes, and even in the garden! Can't smell a flower there for it! Declare, don't remember how a rose smells—what's that song missis sings? train—trill—trail of the serpint is over them all! There he comes—so innocent! Going out into the garden in the dusk, with that red spark, stealing round just as simple, mebbe, as if he didn't know missis was settin' in the arbor! I hope she aint crying, that's all!" And Peg went on with her soliloquy, and Mr. Henry with his sauntering.

Mrs. Stanhope was not exactly in the arbor, but sitting on a bank at the foot of a high trellis covered with climbing white roses, and watching the fading orange of the sky, while she became gradually conscious of a train of light blue smoke over the shrubs, and a delicious Indian flavor stealing in and mingling with the roses. She would have escaped, only he would certainly see her, and not wishing to meet him, retained her seat, trusting to chance. She had discovered more of those feelings—which no properly behaved young woman is supposed to be at all acquainted with, till very suddenly, and after a proposal—since Miss Patty left. When he said he must go, the deadly chill that fell upon her, as she felt she should never see him again, hurt her worse than the fact of his speedy departure, for she saw that she loved, and with customary modesty, could not believe her passion returned. A foot crashed in the gravel behind her simultaneously with a crackling of the rose branches, and looking up, she saw Mr. Henry standing a little behind, on one side.

"Ah!" she said, pleasantly, as he showed her a broken spray of the beautiful roses; "are those for Miss Patty?"

"No," he returned, quite soberly, "they are for my wife."

"Your wife!" Although sitting, she leaned her other hand upon the ground for a pillar of support, lest she should fall entirely. Dreadful blow—his wife! She waited several minutes before speaking. "You never told me," at last she faintly murmured. "You have a wife then!"

"A wife who loves me tenderly, as I believe—as I dare to hope!"

Worse and worse. But from her slight acquaintance, could she have expected any more? Something in his voice struck her as on that first time, familiar and disagreeable, even while—she must confess it—even while she loved him. O wretched little Kate and Nell to have such a mother! By-and-by it passed away, and thought with it. She sat like one stunned. She could not tell how long it had been, when he stooped slowly, and with a hand resting lightly on her head, kissed her forehead. Recollection flashed back. This was insult! She would have sprung up, but strength failed her. He raised her tenderly, added to the insult by gathering her in his arms, pressing her to his heart, kissing both brow and lips again and again, and finally crowned the accumulated impertinences by murmuring:

"Helen, will you be her—that blessing—that wife—who has had as yet only a mythical existence? Helen?"

Where were her pride and high resolve? Far from resenting this effrontery, she only remained where she was—her face, if it could have been seen, radiant with smiles, and whispering a few sentences in much the same incoherent way.

"At last—at last—" he said; but further speech was hindered by Peg's voice, shrill and dissonant, breaking in upon their joy with:

"Ma'am! missis! Misis Stannup, here he Dr. Brown to see you to oncet, ma'am!" And leaving her lover, Mrs. Helen fled into the house and pausing a moment, took off her widow's cap and wove the beautiful roses into her hair.

Dr. Brown had been pacing up and down, fidgetting unaccountably and growing warmer every moment. A furious daw-bug that insisted upon banging against his nose, and which, just captured, was enchaining his attention as Mrs. Helen entered, was flung loose again, while the doctor took a chair, sat down on his hat, got up again and took the hat and bent it carefully into shape. The daw-bug made another dash at his illuminated countenance.

"Go'long, you beast!" said the doctor, indignantly. "Beg pardon, ma'am! meant the bug!" And he took another seat, crushing this time the little can-bottles of the portable pharmacy he carried in his pocket. "The short and the long of it *is*, madam," he at length enunciated, "that you mustn't do it."

"Mustn't do it? what?" said the happy Helen.

"Why, going and marrying this feller. Because—because, my dear—I want to break it gently—he's got another wife!"

"Well."

"I don't *know* as to that. He told some one in the village—told Miss Patty Rogers, that he'd bring and introduce her at some time."

"Well."

"And besides, my dear Mrs. Stanhope, you know in that great disaster on the railroad, four years ago, they could identify Mr. Stanhope only by his clothes, and there was a little discrepancy in *dem* which we didn't think of at the time, but which is quite glaring now—quite glaring, upon my word! Why, bless me, there wasn't a cent in the man's pocket, and I practised in the city then, and knew for a dead certainty that Stanhope had drawn several thousands from the bank that morning, and had been selling funds, and not those set by in the will for you, my dear! all the week. And now where did that money go to? Clearly with Mr. Stanhope; and it's not him at all in the vault there, but one Henry Stanley, as well as I can find out. And your husband and you not being much attached, he took the opportunity of clearing out, it seems, and leaving you free to marry again. Now don't go to thinking that I've made myself too busy. You've behaved very well, my dear, but Mr. Stanhope is alive, and has been in Boston lately, and means to come here—been seen there by responsible witnesses, and you'd better chip this feller as soon as you've the mind to!"

"Thank you, doctor. Good night."

"I vow," concluded the doctor, as he walked home, "I can't tell whether she knew it all before or not. Mighty cool, any way! afraid she did. It *was* a pill to swallow, but then I gave her a comfort after it. And she and Stanhope hated each other, or nearly so, just because they were wanted to love. Hope I haven't been

making a fool of myself. Well, she can't marry this smooth Mr. Henry now, that's one comfort."

The doctor's steps had died away, and still she stood there, mute and statue like, in the centre of the room. Minutes might have been ages—breath itself seemed to leave her—the heart ceased to beat—suddenly the blood spun back and flushed her face to purple—her limbs failed beneath her—she sunk to the floor, half upraised on one hand. Wild and distracted, with one long tress of her dark hair streaming loosely, she looked like a Maenad exhausted with prophetic ravings. Peg's decided step became audible in the distance; she entered without a word, and taking her mistress, bore her to her own room and left her on her own bed, muttering: "Well, all things come right in love, they say, and s'pose this'll."

A few moments only Helen lay there, when rising, she began to think of her next step.

"A wife already! O, I might have known it, fool—fool that I have been! But Stanhope alive? O heaven! I cannot believe it. Why—why am I thus tormented? Why was all my youth rolled in unhappiness, that now my first joy must be destroyed? I have only one duty clearly before me—to fly! Take Nell and Kate and leave him everything else! He will not want us, and I never will live with him! As for the other—O, can I leave him? can I relinquish that love? Help me, great Father! I must not stop to wish or ask or love; I must act!"

Strength returned to her with the impulse; she hastily slipped a purse into her pocket for present uses, tied on her bonnet and run down stairs. She was determined not to meet Mr. Henry again, and would hasten on her last few duties. While crossing the drawing-room in haste, he confronted her.

"Whither away?" he asked, smiling and laying his hand on her shoulder.

Indignation prompted her to throw off the touch, passion to fly to his arms once more; both together formed, as is the case in the resolution of forces, a direction contrary to either. She stood perfectly still, unable to move. He remarked her bonnet.

"If you were going out, my love—did I ever call you so before?—let me go for you!" he said, adding: "I had something to tell you when you left me. How is this? You are deathly pale, and your eyes are large and fixed! Helen, are you ill? the children—anything?"

The ghastliness went away—a sickly, scornful smile flitted across her mouth, as she answered:

"Something to tell me? I have heard it!"

He started. "It is that, then, that alters your manner! You cannot cease to cherish hatred!" he cried; "then are my hopes ruined!"

"Can you ask it?—you, who have another wife?"

"Is that all? Come, now, that is too melodramatic! Did Dr. Brown come up here to tell you that?" and he laughed. "My darling, you are the only wife I ever had or hope to have, and I presume you hardly consider yourself by that title yet."

A look of relief passed over her face. "I believe you—thank Heaven! But that is not all." She stopped, unable to proceed. At last the words came, hot and hissingly: "Stanhope is alive!"

He laughed—in dreadful mockery, it seemed to her—and led her to a pier-glass. Taking a vial from his vest, he wet his handkerchief with the contents, and passed it quickly, once or twice, quite over his face and throat. Several shades of dark brown were instantly removed, and a pale, clear, olive skin was visible. A pair of scissors clipped away mustachios and imperial, and detaching a pair of large, false eyebrows, he turned a face totally different and far handsomer upon her wondering gaze. A moment of silence, while he looked fixedly at her, was broken by him.

"It was the only way. I meant to win your love, and did. Has it changed back to the old dislike, Helen?"

"I shall insist upon a second growth of the mustachios, Mr. Stanhope!" said she, laughing.

"Well, have I any wife but you?"

"No."

"And I am your husband and you love that husband?"

"Yes;" and she was again folded in his arms.

"Peg!" cried Mrs. Helen by-and-by.

Peg shortly appeared.

"Do you remember Mr. Stanhope?"

Peg glanced at the quondam Mr. Henry.

"Lar sakes!" quoth she; "but bless us! you've made my missis happier nor ever I could have believed of you, Mr. Stanhope. I thought something how 'twas, that day you shot the dog and saved the children, sir; and says I, I'll bide my time!"

"Do you know, Helen," said he, laughing, "I never feel as though these children belong to me, but to some first husband!"

"They do belong to a very different man from you, indeed," returned she, fondly.

"What a brute I have—" But his wife's little hand, over his mouth, prevented his finishing the remark, and so he revenged himself by kissing it.

"If there," suddenly cried Peg, "if there aint the doctor and Miss Patty coming up the yard in the moonlight, with locked arms! And it's just ringing nine! Rediklus!" And she ushered in the guests, who had probably come with offers of assistance and sympathy.

While the doctor stood in bewilderment first at Mr. Stanhope, and then at Mrs. Helen's smiles where he had expected to see fits—"Let me introduce you, Dr. Brown and Miss Patty," said Mrs. Stanhope, roguishly, "to your late friend and rival, Mr. Henry—to my 'poor, dear' husband, Mr. Stanhope! Your information was quite correct, Dr. Brown."

The visit of the worthy couple did not occupy a much longer extent of time; but trusting to Mrs. Stanhope's friendly silence in the matter of his showing himself so egregious a simpleton, I have since heard, that in order to secure Miss Patty's, Dr. Brown married her.

"My dear," said Mrs. Helen to her husband, when alone with him again, "you have made me far happier than ever Mr. Henry could!"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

The sun is marching to his rest,
In the crimsoned chambers of the west;
Gilded o'er with his glorious rays,
The hilltops now are all a-blaze;
While through the shaded valleys deep,
The lengthening shadows slowly creep.

This holy day of hushed repose,
Seems fitting time for summer's close;
All nature wears a look serene,
And skies of love bend o'er the scene;
While sacred thoughts with potent power,
Stir the soul in the Sabbath hour.

How short the days of summer's reign,
Since first her blossoms decked the plain;
We've only dwelt a few short hours,
Amid the perfume of her flowers;
Have seen her bounteous form awhile,
Only to meet her parting smile.

A withered crown on her dying brow,
Of earth she takes her farewell now;
E'en such is life—we meet to part,
And one by one our friends depart;
Bright hopes in darkness pass away,
As fades the light of this summer day.

A glory lingers on yonder hills,
And one bright hope my bosom fills,
Though flowers decay, and seasons roll,
There's life immortal for the soul;
And 'neath the beams of a Father's love,
Eternal summer reigns above.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE NEIGHBORS.

BY JOHN THORNDERRY.

Mrs. Butts had just dropped in a few minutes to see how Mrs. Tubbs did. It was in the morning, and Mrs. Tubbs was still engaged about her work. So Mrs. Butts sat down just where she could find a place, and proceeded to make herself altogether at home.

"You're despirite busy, this mornin'," said she to her neighbor.

"O, no more'n common, 's I know of," answered Mrs. Tubbs. "But we can't exactly get a livin' and be idle too, you know."

"I don't calculate to be over and above *idle*, myself," said Mrs. Butts. "I generally carry my knittin'-work, when I go a visitin'. I guarantee to set as good an example as *most folks*. But I wanted to tell you about what my husband said."

Mrs. Tubbs looked up, looked down, and went on with her work again.

"What did *he* say?" said she.

"Well, you remember that last quarter of veal he had o' Mr. Tubbs, to pay for the quarter Mr. Tubbs had o' him?"

"Yes, I guess I do seem to remember something about that. Why?"

"O, nothing. Only Mr. Butts said about that veal, that he guessed 'twas pretty near ready to die before it did! That was all."

Mrs. Tubbs stood erect.

"Did he mean to say anything against my husband's honesty, I'd like to know? Because, if he did—"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I can't pretend to tell what he *meant*. I shouldn't think he did, though. Yet I can't say. At any rate, that was what he said."

"And that's enough, I'sh'd think! What more could he say? And a neighbor so, too! To accuse my husband of sellin' meat that died! It's a shame and an insult! I'll never put up with it in the world!"

Hot and out of breath in consequence of the protracted discussion that ensued, Mrs. Butts took herself off home, to put another stick under the pot and set it to boiling harder.

Of course, when her husband came in to dinner, the conversation with Mrs. Tubbs was detailed with wonderful precision, and more too. Mr. Butts got a good story out of it. He got exasperated over it. He declared he never would stand it, being a neighbor so; and thought it was a burning shame that people allowed themselves to slander their neighbors in this way.

"At any rate, I know *one* thing!" said he, in a threatening voice.

"What's that?" asked his wife.

"Tubbs never'll come off so well again, if his cattle get into my mowin'! I'll drive 'em straight to pound!"

"Do they ever get into your mowin'?" inquired his wife.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if I'd turned them critters out of my piece into his'n, as many as a dozen or twenty times this summer! I'll not do it any more."

"That's what I wouldn't, I'm sure, Mr. Butts. I wonder you never drove 'em to pound before!"

"Because I never wanted to make any difference with a neighbor," said he. "But you don't catch me hangin' back any longer, I tell you!"

Pretty soon afterwards, therefore, the pound-keeper stopped Mr. Tubbs on his way home.

"I've got three head o' your cattle shet up in the pound," said he.

"Three head o' my cattle!" exclaimed the astonished Tubbs. "Who drove 'em over!"

The pound-keeper laughed, and took advantage of the laugh to hesitate. The answer was fairly orkscrewed out of him:

"Wal, I s'pose Mr. Butts drove 'em."

And he laughed again.

Tubbs could hardly keep in his boots, he was so moved with indignation.

"Butts drive my cattle to pound!" said he, lowering his brows and setting his teeth. "I'll teach him a lesson yet! Mebbe some of his own critters 'll get out one of these days. Then we'll see how the account stands!"

He paid the usual pound tax with a great deal more of such grumbling as this, and drove off his three head of cattle. The old keeper couldn't help laughing, as he went away, and wondered in truth what would come of it.

"It's a thing I never knew Butts to do the like of before," muttered he, trudging along homewards. "What in the name of Satan has got into him lately? He hardly spoke to me, the last time he met me. Don't appear as he used to. But I'll fetch him yet. I never'll stand this, not the longest day I live! never!"

Only ten days or two weeks after that, Mr. Tubbs came into the house in a great glee.

"See here, wife," said he, chuckling to himself, "I've got old Butts's cattle shet up in my yard, and jest as quick as I can eat my dinner, I'm goin' to drive 'em off to pound. I can't very well spare the time, but I'm going to do it, for all that. He took *my* critters to pound, and to pound shall *his* go! There's no two ways about that. What's good for *me*, is good enough for *him!* See if there aint a squirmin' this time!"

And before night, a couple of Mr. Butts's most staid and matronly old cows were ruminating by themselves on the changes and chances of this mortal life, within the ancient enclosure called the "pound." Just so long as they remained, the keeper would be at liberty to make use of the fruits of their udders. There they stood and looked at each other, and chewed their cuds, as innocent as children of the intentions of the one who caused their imprisonment.

When night came on, two of Mr. Butts's best cows were not to be found. They didn't come home from the pasture. He hunted and hunted everywhere—but no cows. He looked over the walls, in the woods, in the swamp, behind the old barn in the meadow, and in every other place where a cow might stow herself away—but nothing like two cows yet.

At last, after he had finally given them up for the night, a little boy came running down the road, with a note up to him and told him where his stray cattle were.

"And Mr. Mulkey says," added the boy, "that if you don't come arter 'em pretty quick, he'll milk 'em himself!"

In less than fifteen minutes, Mr. Butts made a formal demand upon the pound-keeper for his cows. And when he had got them safely out, he turned and demanded to know who drove them there in the first place.

Mulkey laughed, just as he laughed before, and hesitated; and then he told Mr. Butts that his neighbor Tubbs was the author of the mischief.

"Tubbs drive my cows to pound!" said he to himself. "Then, by jingo, he shall pay back for it, jest as soon as I can make pay-day come round!"

And he started off home with his pair of cows, convinced that a game that two could play at, was not exactly the game for *his* money.

From this daze, all intercourse between the families was suspended. There was a broad lake between them, which neither could pass over. At meeting on Sundays, or on any day through the week, it was all the same. Neither party seemed to be conscious that the other still remained in existence—with a single exception. For all this time Mr. Butts's son Sam had been paying his particular attentions to Mr. Tubbs's daughter Susan. Up to this point, Sam and Susan had been making out very well. But close upon this outbreak followed something of an estrangement between themselves.

Says Susan, one evening, to Sam:

"I don't exactly like the way your folks talk about ours—I don't. What is the meaning of it, I want to know?"

"I guess they don't say worse things than what your folks say about us," rejoined Sam, with the Butts blood flowing swift in his veins.

"Umph!" retorted Susan. "What did your father drive our cattle to pound for?"

"And what did your father drive *our* cattle to pound for, too? It's a pretty piece of business, I think!"

Beginning there, the two lovers got a good start. Then they went on at a rate that astonished even themselves. They twitted. Then they used satire. Then they threw mud at one another's names. Then they had an out-and-out spat about it. And at last, the quarrel was too far in to be got out of at all.

Sam said he was as good as anybody, and so were his folks. Susan declared that he'd always thought he was a little better, but he'd find now that he was mistaken. Sam thought there was no use in twitting, for *two* could perform at that. But Susan was not to be frightened, she would have him to know, and so she went ahead.

He asked her about that veal that died! She flew like a cat with her back up. She never knew anything about any veal. At any rate, she guessed her father could raise as "likely veal" as his father could; and thereupon advised him to go home and eat some off of his own family bone.

This was too much. Sam got as mad as he could be, and then left. He wasn't seen in Tubbs's parlor again for a long while. Susan lived on "stuff," and people thought she grew fat on it. And so *that* match was broken off!

Things continued in this situation for a long time, till finally, as good or ill luck would have it, Mr. Butts happened to be riding homeward one afternoon in the stage-coach, all alone and unmolested, when who should get in, at a little town some dozen miles from home, but Mrs. Tubbs! This accident threw things into confusion straightway.

Mrs. Butts could not well avoid speaking to Mrs. Tubbs; neither could Mrs. Tubbs refuse, under any color of decency, to accost Mr. Butts. There they were, mortal enemies to each other, boxed and booked for a good twelve-mile together. Unless the road was unusually smooth, it would not be a strange matter to find that they jounced and bumped against one another. And in some way like that, perhaps, they might manage to pound off the sharp angles that now kept them at such a distance.

Mr. Butts spoke of the weather. It was rainy, and the coach had to be shut pretty closely. Mrs. Tubbs thought, as her companion did too, that it was rainy. Mr. Butts suggested that it might rain in upon her. Mrs. Tubbs thought it wouldn't, and changed her seat over to that of Mr. Butts. This was an admirable beginning, surely!

Well, from one thing to another they went on—not because they had any hope or wish of reconciliation, but because *they couldn't help talking*—till at last Mr. Butts came out with it, as plump and round as ever a man did in his life, and asked Mrs. Tubbs what was the occasion of all the trouble between the families!

Put to it in this way for a categorical answer, Mrs. Tubbs could not do less than hesitate. And when she did reply, it was the most unsatisfactory, shuffling, evasive sort of an answer that could be offered by any one. Perceiving the absolute weakness of the enemy, Mr. Butts began to think that his own cause might be just about as strong. As a consequence, he hastened first to make explanations, then concessions, then apologies. That was enough. In such a case, as soon as one begins to withdraw his pretensions, the other hastens to be before him in the good work, if possible.

"Then it's all about nothing, after all," said Mr. Butts.

"Nothin' in the livin' world," said Mrs. Tubbs.

"And I'm dreadfully mortified to think I've been caught in such a scrape," said he.

"And I'm mad to think I've been such a fool!" said she.

"Then we'll make it all up again!"

"I'd be glad enough to."

"From beginning to end?"

"Yes, and forever and ever."

A silence of a few minutes.

"But then," asked Mrs. Tubbs, "I would like to know one thing of you first?"

"Well, Mrs. Tubbs—anything in the world."

"Did you say that my husband sent you a quarter of *dead veal* to pay for yours? Because that was what your wife told me, and that was what began it. I never'd believe that Mr. Tubbs would do such a thing in this world. He aint small enough!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed out Mr. Butts. "And so it all sprung out of that quarter of veal, hey? Well, if that don't beat the Dutch taking Holland! Did I say that your husband sent me back dead veal? Why, yes, it's most likely I said so, for I didn't calculate *he was going to send me a quarter alive!* And I got up the joke just to see what my wife would say!"

There it was. It all grew out of his innocent disposition to see what his wife would have to say! Jefferson was elected President by means of a quarrel over a pig, down in Rhode Island; and here was a quarrel over a quarter of veal that might, but for this accidental stageride, have led to the dismemberment of the church, and possibly the demoralization of the town itself.

Sam and Susan rushed back into one another's arms, and in three months were the happiest groom and bride to be seen on the hither side of sundown. The very first family meal to which they sat down together was made up of vegetable and such dishes, with a piece of stuffed baked veal in the centre. Sam declares he will have a coat of arms, and that *a leg of veal* shall be found in the same—not conchant, nor rampant, but *pendant!*

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle, than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the highest politeness of life, to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth-stone, is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.—*Life Illustrated.*

TOBACCO SMOKING BY MINISTERS.

We understand, says the Lincolnshire (English) Times, that, at the Wesleyan Conference, on the question of admitting candidates for the ministry, it was objected to one of them that he was a smoker, whereupon many of the members in succession condemned the practice as vulgar. The candidate, on being appealed to by the president, pleaded that he had been recommended the use of tobacco by three physicians for the benefit of his health. An aged minister hereupon remarked that, if a medical man recommended the use of tobacco, he must be a practitioner without knowledge of his profession. The Rev. John Smith also said, that if the young man's health was such that it could only be kept up by artificial means, by the stimulant of smoking, it became a question whether he was physically competent for the toils of the Methodist ministry. At last the young man pledged himself, on the recommendation of some of the senior ministers, to consult a physician of distinguished skill, Dr. Sandwith, of Hull, and to abide by his decision; and on these terms, the conference consented to receive him.

FEEDING TIME.

In England, the hour of dining indicates precisely the rank. The queen dines at eight o'clock, P. M.; the higher nobility at seven and half past; the ordinary country gentleman at six; the professional people and richer classes of merchants and manufacturers at four and five; the shop-keepers at two or three; clerks at one; working men at twelve. As a man rises in social importance, his dinner hour advances. Some men of humble origin and great luck have eaten their way from plebeian twelve all down the hours of afternoon, and ended a glorious career by solemnly dining with royalty at eight; a splendid reward for the labors of a lifetime!—*Boston Atlas.*

THE MARSEILLAISE.

"It was," said Lamartine, "the fire-water of the Revolution which instilled into the senses and the soul of the people the intoxication of battle." "The Marseillaise Hymn" is the French Revolution set to music, and although there may be some sacrifice of sense to sound in the sentence, it is in the main true. In a quiet, peaceful epoch, such a lyric could never have been composed; but amid the blaze of torches, and ruined palaces and prisons, it sounds like the circle of divinity, frantic with passionate love for our race.

WRESTLERS OF JAPAN.

The attention of all was suddenly, riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows, who tramped down the beach like so many large elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the princes, who kept them for their private amusement and for public entertainment. They were twenty-five in number, and were men enormously tall in stature, and immense in weight of flesh. They were all so immense in flesh that they appeared to have lost their distinctive features, and seemed to be only twenty-five masses of fat. Their eyes were barely visible through a long perceptible socket, the prominence of their noses was lost in the puffiness of their bloated cheeks, and their heads were almost set directly on their bodies, with merely folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found. Their great size, however, was more owing to the development of muscle than to the deposition of fat; for, although they were evidently well fed, they were not less well exercised, and capable of great feats of strength. As a preliminary exhibition of the power of these men, the princes set them to removing the sacks of rice to a convenient place on the shore for shipping. Each of the sacks weighed not less than 125 pounds, and there was only a couple of the wrestlers who did not carry each two sacks at a time. They bore the sacks on the right shoulder, lifting the first from the ground and adjusting it without help, but assisting aid for raising the second. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth, and another, taking one in his arms, turned repeated somersaults, as he held it, and apparently with as much ease as if his tons of flesh had been only so much gossamer, and his load a feather.—*Dr. Hawk's Narrative of Japan Expedition.*

AMERICAN MARBLES.

It is a curious fact, that while our own country is rich in the first varieties of marble, our sculptors and architects are obliged to send to Italy for the greater part of the marble which is used for the interior of our houses. Carrying marble to America, is, in one respect, like carrying coals to Newcastle; and yet it is found cheaper to quarry the stone in Italy, and ship it across the Mediterranean Sea and Atlantic Ocean, than to quarry and prepare for use, that which is lying, as it were, at our doors. The great obstacle in the way of using American marble, lies in the fact, that comparatively little attention has been directed towards that branch of our mineral production. When capital and inventive arts are more generally turned to the business of getting and manufacturing marble, the result will be the gradual disuse of the foreign article. "The Marble Worker's Manual," a book recently published in New York, states that in West Rutland, Vt., marble is obtained which has no superior for sculpture in the world, and some of it has been exported to Rome, ordered by Italian sculptors. It has a fine grain and works beautifully under the chisel. At Great Barrington, Mass., there is a flexible marble, which bends like a bow, when wet. Black marble, equal to that of Ireland, is found in New York, and verd antique is found in many districts, and in every State, in almost every variety.—*Salem Gazette.*

EUGENE SUE

Is neither prim nor burly. He is a man of large frame, over which a loose black coat is carelessly buttoned. Complexion light, eyes blue, hair once black, now pepper and salt, whiskers voluminous, eyebrows black and thick, good forehead, and the lower face ample. This conveys no better idea of the man's appearance than a French passport. But the truth is, Sue's countenance and figure have none of those peculiarities which make description possible. He looks in his portrait like a careless, elderly gentleman, taking his ease in an easy chair and easy coat. He does not look like an author—authors seldom do. His air is rather that of a prosperous citizen. Sue is only forty five years old, but he has lived fast, and looks fifty five. Lamartine is sixty-three, and would pass easily for fifty-three. Dumas is fifty, and could get credit for thirty-eight.—*Tribune.*

News Glances.

The Theatre.—The London Times and the Spectator have commenced a crusade in behalf of the morality of the theatre, and have resolved to write down immoral performances. The Times says that English dramatists of the present day are "nothing better than sycophantic copyists of French filth."

Tunnelling the Blue Ridge Mountain.—The Richmond Despatch says this immense work will soon be accomplished, and by the end of November there will be "daylight through the mountain." This will shorten the time between the termini of the Central Railroad at least one hour, and allow heavy freight trains to pass.

Death at the Altar.—Father Schaffleiter, a Roman Catholic Priest, of the Redemptionist order, fell down within the rails of the altar, while singing the "Magnificat," in St. Mary's Church, Batavia Street, Buffalo, during vespers. The cause of his death was disease of the heart.

Ship-Building in New York.—There are two steamships, five ships, one barque, four steamboats, three schooners and two barges, making an aggregate capacity of 17,310 tons, now in course of construction at New York.

Six additional Revenue Cutters.—The Secretary of the Treasury invites proposals for furnishing materials and building six schooners for the revenue service. Models and plans to be furnished by the contractor.

A glorious Birth.—It is stated that the Health officer of New York, R. H. Thompson, received for the three summer months this year, directly and indirectly, fees to the amount of $100,000.

An Expedient.—A dashing and fashionable widow up town says she thinks of saving some gentleman for a breach of promise, in order that the world may know she is in the market.

Polyglot Paper.—A Russian newspaper has just been started in London which is printed in alternate columns of English, French, Spanish and German.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Many weary, weary years have passed since very respectable old Spanish gentleman by the name of Ponce de Leon, set sail for the New World in pursuit of a fountain, the water of which possessed the property of restoring the drinker his lost youth and of preserving him ever, which wonderful fountain was said to exist somewhere in Florida. We have no record of the personal habits of this Spanish adventurer, but are very much afraid that he had been a hard drinker in his youth, forgetting the golden maxim of the ancients—*Vera adeuntes inexhausta*—(late, and, therefore, inexhaustible you will which meaneth that boys should eschew wine and cobblers in their tender years, if they would attain a vigorous old age. We are afraid that even in his youth-regretting age, our friend Ponce was in the habit of indulging in tobacco, a custom for which, among other things, the world is indebted to Christopher Columbus. Poor old de Leon! He found not what he sought. The fountain of youth seemed a mere myth—a mirage of the brain.

The fountain of youth! We laugh at the credulous old Spaniard, and make merry over his disappointment; but are not we as credulous and as credulous as he? Look at our enormous consumption of quack medicines! Look at the splendid fortunes amassed! the splendid palatial houses built by the concoctors and vendors of such remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to! These people find millions of customers—millions of seekers after the fountain of youth—treading in the footsteps of old Ponce de Leon!

And yet the fountain of youth is not absent from us. It is not a fable, but lies within the reach of all who are willing to see it in the light of faith. The golden keys to this treasure are regularity, sobriety, exercise, temperance in all things, love of family, of kindred, of neighbor, or of our kind. No drops of the fountain of youth ever foamed in the Rhenish goblet that shed the ruddy glow of the Circean cup never bore on its blushes from the water of life. Its crystals sparkle on the cold rock where it stands jocund on the misty mountain top, and gleam in the petals of flowers open to the sun, and on the satin grass that frings the cold rivulets that steal like shining serpents through the umbrage into daylight. The Emperor never saw their flashing brilliance nor tasted their delicious flavor. The fountain of youth and its aroma is inhaled by the ruddy mountaineer as he scales the summit in pursuit of the chamois; it sparkles in an easy chair and easy coat. He does not look like an author—authors seldom do. His air is rather that of a prosperous citizen. Sue is only forty five years old, but he has lived fast, and looks fifty five. Lamartine is sixty-three, and would pass easily for fifty-three. Dumas is fifty, and could get credit for thirty-eight.—*Tribune.*

Look at that hale and ruddy old man, whose form is erect and whose footstep is firm, upon the snows of fourscore winters rest upon his head. Those snows, like the white cone of Mount Washington, are but the wreath that graces the type of strength and endurance. He has discovered the fountain of youth. An unslighter figure—beautiful in age, even as that of de l'Enclos,—she, too, has quaffed of the perennial spring. Poor Ponce de Leon travelled thousand leagues in search of the well—that bubbles at every man's door. Within our own resources lies the power of prolonging youth and health.

French's Standard and Minor Drama.—Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street, New York, is *the* publisher of plays in the United States. All acting and rare plays may be had of him for only 12 1-2 cents per copy, containing the whole business, costumes, relative positions, etc. Any of our readers who want a copy of a play can address him, enclosing *four cent postage stamps*, and the play will be forwarded by mail to them at once.

John Buntan's Flute.—The author of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" solaced many a leisure hours by playing on the flute, an instrument he used is now in possession of Mr. Howels, a tailor, in Gainsborough, England. It is said to have been manufactured by Buntan out of the leg of one of the stools in his cell.

Punning.—There are some punsters who ought to be debarred the "benefit of clergy." We regret to say that the perpetrator of the following is at large: Why is Memphis more than Cincinnati? Because, Since a great deal small, Memphis must, of course, be larger.

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Yet of the teeming millions of the earth, how many, alas! ignore its existence! How many, with a glimpse of the truth, will not submit to the toil and self-denial by which those priceless waters must be won!—for gold cannot buy them, and they are not to be bartered for diamonds. Nature is no huckster.

Look at that hale and raddy old man, whose form is erect and whose footstep is firm, though the snows of fourscore winters rest upon his head. Those snows, like the white crest of Mount Washington, are but the wreaths that grace the type of strength and endurance. He has discovered the fountain of youth. And that slighter figure—beautiful in age, even as Ninon de l'Enclos,—she, too, has quaffed of the perennial spring. Poor Ponce de Leon travelled a thousand leagues in search of the well-spring that bubbles at every man's door. Within our own resources lies the power of prolonging youth and health.

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LEARNED.—A cockney philologist says the letter w enters into the composition of women in every relation of life—as virgin, wife, widow and vixen.

MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

Hallock tells us somewhere that the first touches of a piano at a private party—

——"Like signal notes in battle.
Are tones that bid each tongue's artillery rattle."

It is very discouraging to young ladies—who have been entreated, implored, and urged to "favor the company" with a dash at the keys and an outpouring of vocal melody, after she had made the usual apologies and refusals, told how she couldn't play without her notes, and had a dreadful cold, etc., and then yielded gracefully and been led to the instrument,—to find that she is rewarded for her consent and her exertions by general inattention, and that acts, which would be deemed ill-bred in the presence of a paid singer, are indulged in, without remorse, by very gentlemanly and very lady-like persons behind the back of the voluntary performer. If it was generally, as it is sometimes, the practice for the performer to face the company, something like courtesy might be induced. It is very true that when the sonata or the song is ended, all who *haven't* heard the music are very properly enchanted, and there is no lack of such exclamations as "sweet!" "delicious!" "enchanting!" "beautiful!" etc.; but how hollow are such praises under the circumstances!

Very discouraging, we repeat, is all this to the young gentleman who is stating, in distinct musical terms, that his heart is in the highlands, chasing the wild deer and following the roe; or the young lady, who relates her zoological experience in the way of raising gazelles, of whom she never had one to glad her with his bright black eye, but when it came to recognize her and to become attached to her, it was sure to be attacked by the gazelle-ail, and expire, involving a ruinous loss, pecuniary and sentimental! How can a young gentleman persuade himself that a brigand is "on yonder rock reclining," if he hears, beside the gossip of the day, the price of silks and satins, and the hoop question fervently discussed by chattering tongues? "Oft in the stilly night" sounds incongruously when there is no such thing as stillness in the room. We do not wonder that now and then a vocalist requests to be furnished with "an Arab steed," that he may escape from the turmoil which his efforts to please are sure to provoke. But let Signora Screechalina of the Italian opera be prevailed on to attend a *soiree*, and to rend the air with her alto notes, then, in the pauses of the vocalization, you may hear a pin drop. This is a serious evil, and calls for reform.

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.

A certain member of the society of "Friends" fitted out one of his ships from New Bedford on a short trading voyage, expecting a return in a few months; but the captain was absent over four years, rendered no account, remitted no money, and, on the other hand, kept drawing on the merchant. After all hope was gone, he brought his ship into New Bedford in a shattered condition, and the "Friend" mildly remonstrated with him. "Take your old craft," interrupted the speaker; "she aint good for nothing—she'll neither wear nor stay." "Friend," said the other, mildly, "for the *wearing*, thee seems to have worn her out theeself; and for the *staying*, I thought thee would *never* come back."

THE KID TREASURE.—The New York Mirror says that this ancient humbug has recently been revived; Mr. Harrington, the celebrated diver, having been applied to by a person in New Jersey, who pretends to have an instrument that will unvaryingly point out metal, even if it is three hundred feet under water, and with the use of which he has found the safe of the treasurer Lexington, and has long sought for "Kid vessel," which lies under ten feet of mud and about twelve feet of water over that.

A DOOMED COLOR.—Yellow appears to be the particular aversion of the English. Professor Mahan's yellow waistcoat killed him at court, and at the coronation of the Czar, the yellow plumes in the chapeaux of some American officers shocked the nerves of the English correspondents. They must have the jaundice.

REST AND LABOR.—Fitz George says to rest from labor is possible, but to rest from rest is impossible. He whose business is work may have rest, and leisure, and relaxation; but when relaxation becomes a toil, there can be no relaxation from that toil.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.—An actor in one of our theatres, playing "Gennaro" in Lucretia Borgia, said, lately, in addressing the heroine: "Crime in your family is hereditary—it is transmitted from *son to sire*." It is a poor rule that wont work both ways.

SEA-SICKNESS.—A Yankee has contrived berths for vessels, suspended in the same manner as the mariner's compass, on crossed axes, by which the motion of the ship is counteracted, and the occupant of the berth ensured against sea-sickness.

THE RULING PASSION.—A punster at the point of death declined eating a piece of pullet, which he was advised to do, for fear it might *lay* on his stomach: sacrificing grammar for the sake of panning at that awful moment.

COOL FOR THE SEASON.—A railroad engineer, who had just knocked a party of passengers into pi, said the "wust thing about it was they was so mixed up it took nigh onto half a day to sort 'em!"

WITTY REPLY.—A type founder, in answering a correspondent who had ordered a quantity of type, added: "Your orders for type cannot be too explicit; we always endeavor to execute your orders *to the letter*."

PROMOTION.—The London Morning Post, it is said, is to be raised to the peerage, with the title of "*Barron* of News."

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The "absorption" of the Indian kingdom of Oude by England is a wholesale robbery.

The late coronation of the emperor of Russia was the most splendid pageant of modern days.

Dr. Kane, of Arctic fame, has been undergoing water-cure treatment lately.

An American inventor has patented an intensely brilliant electric light in England.

A new religious paper has been started in Southern Illinois, called the "Illinois Baptist."

The police of Paris, though armed, are as civil as those of London.

Mr. G. W. Morgan, the organist, was lately poisoned by a spider-bite.

Nothing so heightens a woman's beauty as modestly blended colors.

There are annually 25,000 strangers visiting New York in the business season.

The exhilerating influences of fresh air and open space are incalculable.

Publishers now-a-days cater almost exclusively for female tastes.

They had a moderate touch of earthquake at Hickman, Ky., lately.

A man without an idea always has a great idea of himself.

It is estimated that there are now 80,000 Mormons in Utah.

A coach and four cannot overtake and bring back a spoken word.

Dr. Archer, father of the Texan Revolution, recently died in Texas.

If you hate your son be sure to cram him with dainties and confectionary.

This sharp weather is just the thing for long pedestrian excursions.

The Illinois Central Railroad branch, connecting Chicago with Cairo, is finished.

Richard Pocock, an Englishman, was the first to ascend Mt. Blanc, in 1741.

The New York ladies have spent $1,375,000 this year for furs.

Sydney Smith said that to farm well a man must be rich.

Railroads enable a man to beat an eagle on the wing.

The Parisians call hoop skirts zephyrs—they are rather airy.

Herbs should be gathered on a dry day, just before or when in blossom.

A SINGER IN TROUBLE.

Amodio, the singer, is the most rotund, the most jovial, and the most companionable of Italians. Of course so good-natured an individual is the butt of a good deal of floating wagery in his circle. Last year he left Newport, leaving a little debt of about seventy-five cents unliquidated. The past summer he alighted at the same place from the steamboat, and proceeded toward the Fillmore House, careless and gay, and joking with his companions, all unconscious of any impending evil. Suddenly there emerged from the shadow of the old store-house two dark-browed men. One of these folded his arms and looked scowlingly on with a melodramatic aspect, while the other tapped him on the shoulder and said, sternly: "Signor Amodio, you are my prisoner." "Prisoner!—vat for?" said the astonished Italian. "For debt." "O, I have forgotten him! For seventy-five saints, is it not? I will pay." And he pulled out his wallet. "Tell him to put up his money," said the melo-dramatic partner in this scene; "and away with him—to the dungeon! Load him with the heaviest chains—and let outraged justice vindicate her claims." It is needless to say that the joke was not carried much further, that the officer and his employer were confederates, that the signor was released, and joined heartily in the laugh created at the hotel when the adventure was related. When the Signor Amodio left Newport for New York he took care to leave no "seventy-five saint" creditor behind him.

DISGUISED WOMEN.—There seems to be a mania now-a-days among women for putting on the habiliments peculiar to the male sex. Two colored ladies were recently arrested in New York for indulging in this *penchant*. When Willis wrote his "first impressions of Europe," these travesties were very common then. He remarked that, instead of wearing their honors meekly, there was no such impertinent puppy as a woman in disguise. "I saw one in a cafe," says he, "not long ago, rap the *garcon* very smartly over the fingers with a rattan for overrunning her cup; and they are sure to shoulder you off the sidewalk if you are in their way."

ONLY ONE SPUR.—Butler, in his "Hudibras," said a great many witty and some useful things; his amusing discovery that if one side of a horse be spurred the other will keep up of its own accord, certainly evinces a knowledge of the habits of that animal, and may with propriety be applied to many other sorts of things upon which we may undertake to drive through the world.

ERRORS OF TYPE.—Some of these "mistakes which will happen in the best regulated" establishments are quite amusing. The title of a once popular song, "While all in tears we went on shore," was set up "Whale oil in tierces went on shore;" slightly altering the meaning of the author.

GREAT TALKERS.—Of all borrowers, your great talker is the most insufferable; for he is continually saying to his neighbor, "Lend me thine ears." He is likewise the most impudent, for he will frequently take your ears, without so much as asking for the loan of them.

MEMORY.—We remember only what we take an interest in. Men often complain of short memories, yet how seldom do they forget the slightest circumstance of even the slightest injury. Christian forgiveness is a rare quality.

PROFITABLE.—In the neighborhood of Cincinnati there are more than 2000 acres in grapes. The profits per acre average, taking one year with another, about $300 per acre.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Lost Heir: or, The Young American Soldier." A tale by Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Prince Knights of Katie," stanzas by BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

"The Magician's Doom," a story by GEORGIANA H. BALLOU.

"The Young Child's Prayer," verses by WILLIS R. PARSONS.

"The Sale of a Kingdom," a tale by FRANCES F. PARSONS.

"Twill ever be so," a poem by ROLANTHE.

"Restoring a Husband," a story by JOHN THORNBERRY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A characteristic representation of Spanish Minstrels.

A large engraving depicting the Storming of an old English Castle.

A highly interesting series of pictures giving the details of a Mackerel Cruise, beginning with the fleet in a dead calm in the bay; and following with a craft under way; the Sale of Berths; Vessel in a Squall; all Hands Fishing; Arch Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; Splitting the Mackerel; the Crew Dancing; a Mackerel Jig; and the Schooner Beached.

Portrait of James Fenimore Cooper, the great American novelist.

View of the new Statue of Franklin, recently inaugurated in Boston.

A large whole page picture, giving an allegorical representation of Autumn.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4.00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The Sultan has now organized a fine orchestra in his harem, composed entirely of female performers.

The London News says: "In Italy, neither God nor man can longer tolerate the iniquities of the crowned oath-breakers of Naples."

A new work, from the pen of Thackeray, who is now on the continent recruiting, is expected to commence, in serial form, about the 1st of December.

The *Presse*, of Brussels, states that Mdlle. Johanna Wagner, the celebrated singer, has been married to M. Jochmann, the son of a millionaire, of Tilsit.

The banks of England and France have completed an arrangement by which the former draws gold from the latter as long as it may seem safe to do so.

It is said that the Sultan is to be made a knight of the garter. Perhaps this will be Lord Palmerston's way to insure his conversion to the Christian religion.

The superior ecclesiastical authority of the Grand Duchy of Baden has forbidden ecclesiastics to become freemasons, and has commanded those who already belong to that order to abandon it.

The Mediterranean cable is being laid. The greatest depth is 6000 feet, nothing remaining beyond 150 fathoms. Orders have already been given for a sufficient length of cable to carry out the line to Bona, within one month.

The population of Paris, according to the census of 1851, amounted to 1,053,262 fixed residents. It is now 1,178,262. The increase has, therefore, been 150,000; but it has been more considerable in the suburbs.

The Czar retired some days before his coronation to a private villa, where he kept himself in tolerably close seclusion, as a preparation for the mighty event. Over 500,000 were present at his crowning, it is said, and yet not a disturbance occurred!

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Be not niggardly of what costs thee nothing—as courtesy and politeness.

The surest way to make a dupe is to let your victim suppose that you are his.

Among other blessings, says Dr. Franklin, a man should thank God for his vanity, because it makes him happy.

It is a sign of great prudence to be willing to receive instruction: the most intelligent persons sometimes stand in need of it.

Revenge is a passion. Gratitude appears to be only a sentiment. We can all hate. But it is only one man in a hundred who possesses sense enough to be thankful.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

There is no passion that needs so little language as love. A squeeze of the hand conveys more meaning to the heart than all the poetry in Romeo and Juliet.

As the fountain is more desirable than any of the streams that flow from it, so men should seek more after God himself than after any of the blessings that he bestows.

Ah! could the bloom of youth return with its feelings. There is never so cruel as when, whilst stealing from us the power to please, he leaves us in full vigor the unhappy privilege to be charmed.

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.

Those that admonish their friends, says Plutarch, should observe this rule, not to leave them with sharp expressions. Ill language destroys the force of reprehension, which should be always given with prudence and circumspection.

Joker's Budget.

An artist need never starve if he is fond of *canvass backs*.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to *blow*.

A country dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

An intelligent lady used to say that "carelessness was little better than a half-way house between accident and design."

A lady complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied: "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

When Æsculapius applauded Philip, king of Macedon, as a jovial man who would drink freely, Demosthenes replied, "that it was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

A fashionably dressed lady of the present day, about to enter her carriage: Impudent Boy—"I say, Bill, come and see the conjoring; here's this here gal agoin' to squeeze herself into that ere room!"

Peter Cunningham was once telling before Douglas Jerrold of a strange dish he had just dined on. "Such a dish! Nobody could guess it." He of course provoked the query, "What was it?" "Calves' tails," said Peter. "Extremes *meet*," exclaimed Jerrold.

The day after the apparition of the Yankee at her majesty's levee in a black cravat, the English funds actually declined. A correspondent draws from the fact the following moral: "The 'tie' of the two nations must be extremely loose indeed when "cravats" can thus affect the "stocks."

Quill and Scissors.

There was a new feature at the Agricultural Fair, at Cleveland, Ohio, lately—a show of fish raised artificially. They are chiefly speckled brook trout, from six months to two years old, and were in a large tank with glass sides, supplied with a running stream of ice water. Doctors Garlich and Arckley, who furnish the exhibition, have quite a "fish raising" about two miles from Cleveland.

In Washbotah Valley, Utah, there are ten boiling springs, which are great natural curiosities. They are situated on the banks of a stream and pour out their waters seething hot, with a great noise. The waters hiss and dash over jagged rocks, and jets of steam, hot enough to scald the hand, is also forced out.

A general order has been issued by Secretary Dobbin, directing that surgeons and parsers shall wear the uniform of their relative rank, with the exception of the lace on their pantaloons. Surgeons of the fleet will wear a silver eagle, two inches in length, on the epaulets, in place of the rosette.

The total number of emigrants arriving at New York for the first nine months of 1856, was 169,581. There has been a steady and large decrease since 1853, when the number for the same period was 242,453. The German emigration exceeds the Irish by about 7000.

Wild hops are said to grow abundantly in the neighborhood of Carver and Glencoe, Iowa. They have all the properties of the cultivated plant and grow much more plentifully. A considerable trade is carried on by the settlers of that region in this article of commerce.

In Auburn, N. Y., recently, the body of James H. Hadle, a stereotyper, employed by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, was found on a gravel bank horribly mutilated. He had evidently been robbed, murdered, and thrown over the bank.

The total loss by fires in the United States during the last month, so far as information has been received is $1,336,000; making the total for the year thus far $31,390,000. The number of large fires in September was twenty-seven.

During the last month there were six accidents to railway trains, four of which were occasioned be collision, and two by the breaking of axles. Twenty-one persons were killed, and twenty-seven wounded.

A great niece of Franklin—Mrs. Jane Kinsman—resides in Philadelphia. Born in Boston, and now in her 90th year, she is one of the few of those surviving who remember the famous "Tea Party."

In a case of sudden death, recently, in Warren county, Miss., a coroner's inquest was held, and the verdict was, that "the deceased died by the will of God, *or some other disease* unknown to the jury."

The Presbyterians of this country have 2300 ministers and 3100 churches, and nearly 250,000 communicants. For various church uses, they raise, annually, two and a quarter millions of dollars.

Professors Moore and Francis, of Iowa, have recently started for South America, intending to spend eighteen months in scientific explorations among the Andes, especially the volcanic mountains.

The recent discovery in iron, by which it is claimed that pig iron can be converted into steel or malleable iron by burning up its own carbon, is pronounced to be the greatest discovery of the age.

The famous "Wild Woman," who created such an excitement at Cincinnati last summer, and was put into the lunatic asylum at Dayton, has been discharged, reported cured.

More than one thousand dollars in cash have already been subscribed in New York for the relief for the cholera stricken people of Madeira, and the list is still open.

A colored man, named Toney, recently died in Savannah, Georgia. He was the oldest fireman in the city. His funeral was the largest ever seen there.

Mr. Whittaker has recovered $3446 93 damages from the Boston and Maine Railroad for a broken thigh, by collision, some years ago, at a crossing.

The Macon Messenger mentions the discovery of a valuable mineral spring in the county of Sumpter, Georgia, ten miles from Americus.

Stalks of sugar cane, ten or twelve feet in height, have been growing in the neighborhood of Winona, Minnesota, the present season.

The New York Herald asserts that from thirty to forty children are stolen every year in that city, and are never heard of more.

The potato crop, says the Picton Chronicle, is likely to prove an entire failure, in consequence of the appearance of the rot.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Vinton, John Paine, Esq., of New York, to Miss Caroline Paine.

By Rev. Dr. Bingden, Mr. Horace Webster of New York, to Miss Mary A. Wellington.

By Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. James N. Wentworth, of Canton, to Miss Rachel E. Smith.

By Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William H. Bates to Miss Mary Cain.

By Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. John Barnard to Miss Selina G. Lakeman.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. William Gove, of Windsor, Me., to Miss Leonora Manning.

At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Munger, Dea. James Tollman to Miss Catherine B. Tucker.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Eldridge L. Belton to Miss Elvira B. Wood.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Dwinell, Mr. Robert Cockran to Miss Martha Erskin.

At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Joseph S. Phillips to Miss Mary E. B. Ingalls.

At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. George W. Williams to Miss Sally R. Pemslow.

At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. William Clark, 2d, to Miss Mary M. Patch.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Asa H. Wentworth, of Lawrence, to Miss Rutter A. Cobb.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Hale, Mr. John Richardson, of Boston, to Miss Charlotte S. Blood.

At Marlboro', Mr. Ira Brigham, of Berlin, to Mrs. Melinda M. Haywood.

At Bridgewater, by Rev. Mr. Hodman, Mr. Charles H. Jewett to Miss Hattie M. Keith.

Deaths.

In this city, Col. William Boardman, 69; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Clark, 28; Mr. Cyrus Frederick Burgh, 50; Mrs. Louisa Barnes, 30; Mr. Windsor Lord, 50; Miss Maria L. Palmer, 31; Mrs. Adela L. Ashe, 47; Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, 45; Mrs. Amelia D., wife of Rev. Leslie B. Schwarz, 29; Mr. William Bodi, 52; Mr. Charles W. Davis, 31; Mr. Wm. Hennessey, 50.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Ellen Ann Sherman, 43; Widow Polly Witwell, 78.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Deborah Adams, 78.

At Medford, Miss Louise L. Parkman, 27. Mr. John S. Emerson, 52.

At Quincy, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, 81.

At Newton, Mrs. Mary, wife of the late Deacon Ezra Fuller, 90.

At Hingham, Major Jedediah Lincoln, 90.

At South Braintree, Miss Georgia F. McConnell, 18.

At Marlboro', Mrs. Asenath Barter, 64.

At Littleton, Capt. Reuben Houghton, 72.

At Gloucester, Mr. George W. Davis, 62. Mrs. Susan A. Douglas, 26.

At Rockport, Mrs. Betsey Pankeil, 76.

At Franklin, Seneca Hills, Esq., 61.

At Bellingham, Joanna, wife of Mr. Daniel Alden, 76.

At Fair River, Mr. Pierce Kennedy, 68.

At Amherst, Mrs. Harriet M. Pierce, 36.

At Newburyport, Mr. Edward Titcomb, 77; Miss Mary Hale, 39.

At Edgartown, Mr. Marlow Crosby, 86.

At Portland, Me., Rev. J. S. Eaton, 46.

At Honolulu, S. I., Mr. William F. Bradley, Jr., formerly of Boston, 25.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES

To the Living "Nameless Bard," and to the Dead Nameless Bard.

BY ANNA, "MINSTREL OF THE HEATH."

O thou! thou "Nameless Bard," whose song divine
Hath drawn at least one spirit to thy shrine,
With strongest sympathies of heart and head;
Yearning to speak, as the loved, lost, dead;
By death endeared, by sufferings refined,
No touch of earthly grossness in the mind
Which turns to thee—turns to thy music's spell,
With something more than words can find to tell:
The case comes home—albeit, it may be thine,
But O, too sure I know that it is mine;
Not mine to be the bard by thee explored,
But e'er to mourn one ne'er to be restored.

O, Son of Genius! wherefore art thou gone?
My bright—my gifted bard! whose every tone
Of love was poetry and gushing song,
Sweeping the echoes of the heart along
With strange, impassioned force—yet all so sweet,
As if—in heaven-born gentleness—replete
With thrilling ecstacies; whose tuneful lyre
Seemed strung by angels—touched with seraph fire,
To breathe in song the music of the spheres!
Alas, these memories are steeped in tears,
And never, no, they never can depart,
They live, deep cavernèd, in the riven heart,
Too sacred to be seen by worldling eyes;
The mighty grief within its covert lies.

O, that my intellect had power to raise
To him a circlet coronaph of praise:
But feeble powers like mine would fall to tell
The noble soul that in that form did dwell,
Or the rich genius Heaven had bestowed,
To bless—or more embitter—life's rough road.
But all is ended—Sorrow weeps alone;
That spirit pure is to its Maker gone.

And thou, recording bard, whose moving strain
Impels the fire of thought o'er heart and brain,
Ah, hast not thou also the mystic power?
The "gift divine!" the poet's fatal dower?
Such strains come not from mere dull clods of earth,
The poet's living spirit gave them birth!

And in my thoughts of thee I make account,
As one who hath drank deep at Sorrow's fount:
But some, some fall in its absorbing wave,
And in its depths find a heart-struggling grave!
Sip, gently sip, bard of my minstrel theme,
Lest thou be overwhelmed in its deep stream.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DUELLO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND CHIVALRY.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

It was a lovely, warm and yellow afternoon of the pleasant Indian summer season, that the subject of the present memoir, with love in his heart, and his best coat on his back, stood before the mirror in his room at the hotel, giving the finishing touches to his toilet, preparatory to a call upon that ever-so-much-too-pretty-to-be-described young lady, Miss Mary Jones. And as he stood gazing complacently at the fascinating image reflected in the glass, giving divers and sundry twitches to his dickey, and pokes of the fingers to his carefully arranged locks, as while he practised a killing smile, and pictured to himself with a decidedly pleasant sensation how pretty little Mary's heart must bound and flutter when approached by such a noble specimen of humanity, he was startled by a loud rap at the door.

"Come in," he ejaculated, rather sharply; for he was none too well pleased at being interrupted in his pleasant occupations; "come in."

The immediate and very natural effect of this peremptory summons was the opening of the door and the entrance of a tall, stout-built gentleman in riding boots and spurs, and with a profusion of bushy, yellow whiskers—or rather mane—which imparted to his glowing countenance that safe and winning expression which characterizes a first class Nubian lion of the male sex. This pleasant apparition having deliberately closed the doors behind him, advanced into the room, and placing his hat and gloves upon the table, drew himself up to his full height, with the interrogatory:

"Mr. Jinx, I believe?"

"I have the honor to bear that name, sir," I replied, motioning him to be seated.

"I thank you—no, sir," he returned, with a magnificent wave of the hand and a military "ahem!" of the most appalling dimensions, at the same time drawing a letter from his pocket and extending it towards me. "I have the honor to be the bearer of a communication from my honorable friend, Bellerophon Smithers, Esq."

"Bellerophon Smithers!" I exclaimed, with a start, and the least little bit of a tremor in my voice; "Bellerophon Smithers!"

"Bellerophon Smithers."

"O—ah—yes—exactly; that is to say—precisely," I muttered, taking the letter and turning my back upon him, that he might not observe my confusion.

Removing the envelope from the missive, I enjoyed the ecstatic pleasure of reading the following delightful production:

"Mr. A. Jinx,—Sir:—Immediately upon receiving this message from the hands of my friend, Captain Fitz Battleaxe, you will inform him when, within the period of twenty-four hours, and at what place, within a circuit of five miles, you will meet me for the purpose of giving me that satisfaction every gentleman has a right to demand.

"Sir, let there be no cowardly apology or evasion—I shall admit of neither. In case your answer is not immediate and to the purpose, I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon you with a cowhide: after administering which, you will be fitted with that garment which gentlemen of this vicinity consider the proper dress of a coward, to wit—tar and feathers; a dress by the way, which, in my opinion, will not be altogether new to you.

"Bellerophon Smithers.

"P. S.—I have further to inform you that there will be no occasion for you to call in the interim upon Miss Mary Jones, to whom both your attentions and yourself are as disgusting as you are contemptible in the eyes of everybody else.

B. S."

"So," I exclaimed, turning towards Captain Fitz Battleaxe, with all the ferocity of manner I could assume at short notice; "so Mr. Smithers expects me to fight him, does he?"

"I incline to the opinion that my friend intends to *compel* you to fight him," returned the captain, pomposly.

"*Compel me* to fight him!" I roared, in a voice of such tremendous power that the word "compel" ought of right to be here printed in that species of type which is used in announcing the name of a theatrical star on a placard. "*Compel me*, sir-rr rr! I'd have you to know that it is *I* who will compel *him*. Yes, sir, I'd have you to know that I'm absolutely thirsting for that snub-nosed puppy's blood! But I beg your pardon, sir," I continued, seeing that the captain was evidently impressed by my somewhat overwhelming style of conversation; "I am naturally somewhat excitable. I had, sir," I continued, "I had resolved never to fight another duel since that unfortunate affair, of which you may have heard, when I killed poor Jack Williams and his eight brothers, one after another, in as many duels. I will own, sir, that I tried to avoid a quarrel with the poor fellows, but as they would persist in challenging me, why, there was nothing for it but to make short work of them; not that I cared so much about themselves personally—it was more on account of their widowed mother, who became deranged from their loss, and, in her insanity, murdered her sixteen grandchildren; and being taken in the insane asylum, set fire to the building, by which three hundred and thirty-five of the inmates perished. I grant you that it is beneath the dignity of a man of honor to dwell upon such trifles; but, sir, if I have a weakness, it is tender-heartedness, and this little circumstance so affected me that I made up my mind not to fight again. But in this particular case, as your friend is so desirous of fighting me, I will accommodate him and give him the satisfaction of being slaughtered at his earliest convenience."

The captain bowed with a deferential air. "My dear sir," he said, "allow me to offer you my hand. I am agreeably disappointed in you. I had been led to suppose that you were, what is called, 'a man of peace;' in short, a—a—I beg pardon, but, in point of fact—a coward. But I begin to perceive that I have been misled, and that you are an honorable gentleman, who will not refuse to meet your man upon any occasion."

"Sir, I thank you," I replied, imitating his magnificent wave of the hand and overpowering "ahem;" "sir, I thank you, and I trust you will speedily be convinced that I am a man who will 'distinguish and divide a hair 'twixt south and southwest side,' and make no hesitation in destroying any presumptuous individual who may see fit to dispute me. Please mention to your friend that, since he is so desirous of the honor, I will do him the favor of making a very homely, snub-nosed, yellow-headed corpse of him in just eight minutes and a half from his appearance on the ground."

The valiant captain bowed graciously. "If you will have the kindness to refer me to your friend, it will perhaps be as well to settle all the preliminaries at once."

"My friend? O—ah—yes; my friend. Well, I think I shall request Mr. Tompkins to act for me in this matter; but as he has gone to drive, and will not return for some hours, and as he is somewhat of a novice in this sort of business, suppose you and I settle the preliminaries between ourselves; it will be just as well, and there will then be no chance for a misunderstanding."

"Such an arrangement will be perfectly satisfactory both to my principal and myself. Suppose, then, we fix the time at sunrise, to-morrow morning?"

"Capital!" I exclaimed, with enthusiasm; "By despatching the business at such an early hour, I shall have all the rest of the day to attend to other and more important matters."

The captain gave me a queer look out of the corner of his eyes. "For the place, I think we had better decide upon the spot usually selected for meetings of this kind in this vicinity—the Blasted Cypress in Dead Man's Hollow. You are acquainted with the locality, I presume?"

"O yes, perfectly. I shall be at the Blasted Cypress as the appointed time."

"As you are the challenged party, the choice of weapons remains with you, of course."

"O, bother the weapons!" I exclaimed, with a careless yawn. "It's a matter of the most supreme indifference to me what tools are used. I flatter myself there are few satisfaction instruments with which I am unacquainted."

"Still, as it is customary for the challenged party to decide, perhaps it would have a better look if you were to make a choice."

"O, nonsense! Who cares for appearances in such an insignificant, every-day affair as this? As I have so much the advantage of my opponent in coolness, nerve and courage, I will forego my right to choose. Whatever the weapon may be matters little to me. I have had experience, sir, in everything; from bowie knives at a hundred miles to sixty-four pounders across a handkerchief."

"Well, sir," rejoined the captain, "as you are so generous as to insist that my friend shall have the choice, suppose we avoid the two extremes, which you have mentioned, and splitting the difference, call it pistols?"

"Say pistols, then—though you couldn't have made a worse choice for your friend, for just now I am in splendid practice, and can decapitate a fly without touching his body at fifty paces. Call it pistols, then."

"All being arranged to our mutual satisfaction," replied the captain, moving toward the door, "I will take my leave, as my friend is doubtless impatient to learn the result of our interview. Good morning, Mr. Jinx."

"Good morning, sir." And he closed the door behind him as he retired.

"But, I say, captain—Captain Fitz Battleaxe!" I exclaimed, rushing after him, and singing out down the stairway: "please represent to your friend that it will be unnecessary for him to order breakfast, or anything of that sort, to come off after our meeting, as it will only be a useless expense and give his administrators the trouble of setting the bill By the way, captain, you must breakfast with me when it's over. And now I think of it, captain, a surgeon will also be unnecessary, as I don't like half way work, and never miss the heart. Good morning to you."

"Good morning, Mr. Jinx."

And his heavy boots tramped down the stairs and out of the house; whereupon I returned to my room, bolted the door, and throwing myself into a chair, reviewed the events of the preceding two or three weeks, while the perspiration bathed my forehead and ran down upon my cheeks, and off from the end of my nose.

"Good heavens!" I mentally exclaimed, after a few minutes of unenviable self-communion. "If I haven't got myself into a fix then I can only say I must be wholly and altogether unacquainted with the proper definition of the word 'fix.' Here am I, a quiet, inoffensive gentleman, who, in company with a friend, has come down here to this out-of-the-way place to rusticate for a few weeks. Almost the first day of my arrival, I am introduced to Miss Mary Jones, a young lady, as pretty as a pink, as proud as a peacock, and rather coquettish—to say nothing about her fortune of thirty thousand dollars. I forthwith began to play the agreeable to the young lady, and with such success as to render furious this great yellow-headed monster of a Smithers, who has also been playing the agreeable for some time. Smithers tries to drive me from the field, and fails; I try to drive Smithers from the field, and also fail. The young lady whom we both adore—to say nothing of her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars—will decide in favor of neither, but keeps both in tow like two sculpins on a double-hooked line. At length Smithers becomes enraged at some decided preference shown to myself, and that he may remove such an insurmountable obstacle from his path, sends this great hulking ogre of a fellow, Captain Fitz Battleaxe, with a face like a lion, and a figure like the king of the Visigoths, with a challenge! I put on the courageous and terrific, trying to bluff the great hulking fellow off; great hulking fellow wont be bluffed off, but, on the contrary, rather seems to admire my spirit! Not knowing what else to do, I keep up the false pretence until it is all arranged for us to meet in mortal combat to-morrow morning at sunrise, at the Blasted Cypress in Dead Man's Hollow. I'm blasted if I know where the place is, or ever want to!"

Here I was compelled to pause in my soliloquy to give a shudder; the name of "Dead Man's Hollow" was so suggestive that a succession of cold shivers kept chasing each other down my back and into my boots for several minutes. Recovering, I proceeded with the summing up:

"Now, then, the question arises, what the deuce am I to do? Yea, verily, that *is* a question—what *am* I to do? This monster of a Smithers is a regular fire-eater, a dead shot, who has the reputation of being able to 'ring the bell' nine times out of ten; gad, he'll ring *my* bell for me if he ever gets a pop at my figure,—while on my part, I never fired a pistol above half a dozen times in my life, and if my memory serves, I didn't hit anything either one of those half dozen times. At this moment I am persuaded that I should not be able to hit the gable end of a barn at four paces, much less the figure of a bloodthirsty wretch, who at the same moment would be pointing the muzzle of a pistol right down my throat. But this is nothing to the case; I am merely reviewing the difficulties without suggesting a remedy. I can't fight him—that's clear; it would be nothing more nor less than suicide to think of such a thing. Not that I am afraid—far from it! I flatter myself I have an abundance of the description of courage that is needed for a man to face the enemies of his country in the field of battle, where he has thousands to keep him company, and the rat tat, tattling drum, and the squeal, squeal, squealing fife, to lead him

"'To his gory bed or to victory!'

But it is a very different sort of thing to go out at daybreak, on foot and alone, in cool blood and on an empty stomach, to be shot down like a woodchuck in a corner. The question now comes up again—what am I to do? Now, Jinx," I exclaimed, aloud, getting up and pacing my chamber floor; "now, Jinx, my good fellow, what do you propose to do to get out of this scrape? You might run, certainly, but then you would leave a most dismal reputation behind, and worse than all, pretty Mary Jones would forever after hold you in the most unutterable contempt, whereby your heart would be most fearfully lacerated—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars; no, you can't run, that's sure. But hold! a glorious idea presents itself. You will write an anonymous letter to the authorities, informing them of the contemplated duel, and the place and time where it is to come off. Magnificent thought! You can by that means vindicate your reputation for courage, and at the same time come off without any bodily harm. Yet stop; how are you to get the letter to the authorities? It wont do to send Tompkins, for you wouldn't like to let him know you objected to the fight. Ah! I have it. At night, when all is still and no one to observe, you will yourself take the note to the house of the principal justice, ring the bell until the house is alarmed, tuck the letter under the door and make off in safety. Harrah! three cheers for our side! What a fine thing it is to be quick-witted, to be sure! Who but a Jinx or a Bonaparte would ever have thought of such an exquisite stratagem?" And I danced about the room like a good-natured maniac, until the increasing darkness warned me that it was quite time for me to write the proposed note so as to have it in readiness at a moment's notice. With much painstaking and many trials, I succeeded at length in so disguising my hand that I felt assured no expert in the world would be able to identify it. Having sealed and directed it to the proposed dispenser of justice, I placed the safety-ensuring document in my breeches pocket, and for the first time since the advent of Captain Fitz Battleaxe, drew a long and fearless breath. These arrangements had scarcely been completed, and the door unbolted, before the well-known squeak of Tompkins's boots was heard in the passage, and the next instant he burst into the room with his countenance radiant with happiness, and his coat covered with dust.

"My golly, Jinx!" he exclaimed, in an extremely animated tone; "my golly, old fellow, you dunno what you've lost by not going with us this afternoon. Such gals! such horses! such everything! O my, I never had such a time in my life, never!" And he pitched his whip into a corner and himself on the sofa. "But I say, old horse, what have you been driving at? Been to see Mary Jones, eh? Have a good time, eh? You sly dog, tell us all about it."

"O, no-o-o," I drawled, in a careless tone. "I didn't stay at home to have a good time. I had a little business affair on my hands, as you will perceive." And I tossed Smithers's challenge towards him.

It was really curious to mark the different shades of feeling that manifested themselves on his expressive countenance as he perused the blood-thirsty document; first surprise, then fear, and finally blank and utter dismay!

"Great heavens, Jinx!" he at length broke forth, in a tremulous tone; "it's going to raise the very old what's-name with your prospects here, to be compelled to refuse this challenge."

"*Refuse* the challenge!" I sneered between the puffs of my cigar; "such an absurd idea never entered my mind."

"Hey?—what? You don't mean to say—no, it can't be! You know you never did."

"I just do mean to say it though. We are to meet with pistols to-morrow morning at sunrise, at the place known as the Blasted Cypress, in Dead Man's Hollow"—Tompkins shivered,—"and what's more, my lad, you are to be my second."

"Good lord!" he groaned, placing his hands upon his knees and gazing with a horrified expression into my face, while the perspiration gathered upon his brow, "you don't mean to tell me that I have got to go out and see you m-m-murdered? He'll be sure to hit you the first shot. How could you think of accepting his challenge?"

"Nonsense, Tompkins!" I exclaimed, with an affectation of carelessness. "What a touse you make about such an ordinary affair! If he had not challenged me, I should have had to challenge him. I shall shoot him in the morning, as he deserves, and shall then have the field all to myself. It's very simple, you see, and very necessary; so now go to-bed like a good fellow, so as to be on hand to wake me in the morning, for I may oversleep myself, and I wouldn't fail of meeting him on any account."

Poor Tompkins was completely thunderstruck. Having been accustomed to rely altogether upon me, and be governed by my advice, it never occurred to him to try to dissuade me from my purpose. In accordance with my wish, he lit his candle and stole silently and dejectedly towards the door.

"Good night, Jinx," he faltered, as he stood fumbling with the latch. "If you should want anything in the night, you'll call me—wont you?"

"Yes, yes—go ahead," I replied, somewhat impatiently; for I was anxious to get him out of the way that I might have an opportunity to slip out of the house, unobserved, with the note.

Slowly and reluctantly closing the door behind him, he walked with a hesitating step along the passage leading to his apartment, but almost immediately returned, and opening the door, stood shading the light with his hand as he peered into the room.

"I say, Jinx, did you call me?" he asked, in a tremulous tone.

"No."

"O!"

"Is there anything else, Tompkins?" I asked, as he stood twiddling the latch in a hesitating, uncertain sort of way.

"No; only—you wouldn't like to have me sit up with you to-night nor nothing, would you?"

"No, no; of course not. I want to get a good night's rest, so as to be on hand in the morning. So now to please me go right straight along to-bed, or you'll look so sleepy that I shall be ashamed to take you along with me to-morrow. Now do go, there's a good fellow."

"Well, then, good night, if you insist upon it," he said, pressing my hand, while the tears gathered in the honest fellow's eyes.

"Good night," I replied, returning the pressure, and fairly pushing him into the passage and closing the door upon him.

I listened to his retreating footsteps along the entry, and waited to hear the squeaking of his ricketty bed, as he turned in; but the regular tramp, tramp, tramp, as he paced back and forth across his chamber floor, soon convinced me that he had no intention of sleeping, whatever I might be disposed to do. This was excessively provoking, and I was just upon the point of going to him and compelling him by force of arms to go to sleep, when I heard him again coming towards my room. This time there was an evident purpose in his coming, for he deliberately closed the door behind him, and advancing into the room, set his candle down upon the table and himself on a chair, where he remained looking steadfastly and mournfully at me.

"Well, what the deuce do you want now, Tompkins?" I snarled.

"Why, the fact is, Jinx," he replied, twirling his thumbs and crossing and uncrossing his legs uneasily; "the fact is, I have been thinking about this business of yours and have hit upon a plan to fix it all right. This brute of a Smithers, you know, is what they call a dead shot, while you are a little out of practice—that is, you haven't been doing anything of the kind lately. Now the plan I thought of was this: You know I am a first rate shot—you know that, don't you? A splendid shot! Never miss my mark with a pistol!" (Tompkins might well say that, for to my certain knowledge he never fired a pistol in his life, and didn't know a percussion cap from a side of sole leather). "Well, what I was thinking was, that you might be taken unexpectedly sick; a sudden attack of—of—say a sudden attack of the dropsy, or the whooping cough, or something dreadful; and not liking to disappoint Smithers, you would let your second take up your quarrel. Wouldn't it be a great joke, when Smithers found that instead of meeting a person out of practice, like yourself, he had got to fight a dead shot and a regular fire-eater like me?"

"Pooh, poob, Tompkins, don't be a fool."

"I aint a fool, Jinx; I give you my word I ain't; but you know it's very different with me from what it is with you. You have got friends, lots of friends, who would be inconsolable if you were to be—that is to say—if you were to be—sort of—killed; while 'taint so with me. If there was any accident happen to me, why, there would be nobody to fret about it, don't you see; there isn't anybody cares much of anything for me; I aint anybody without you; I'm only the tail to your kite; if you come down, I'm sure to be floored; while you might part with me and still be as good as new, don't you see? And then wouldn't it be fun to see how surprised our friend Smithers would be to find he'd got me to fight with; he, he, he!" And poor Tompkins made a dismal effort to appear jolly.

"Now, Tompkins, don't talk nonsense," I replied, coughing violently; for I had swallowed a piece of cigar, or something, that sort of choked me. "Your feelings do honor to your heart, I suppose, but we fighting men don't understand that sort of thing! We, warriors, delight in blood! I may say, we absolutely revel in slaughter! No, no—I wouldn't fail of meeting him on any consideration."

"No, Jinx, you mustn't think of doing such a thing!" he replied, with more firmness than I had supposed him capable of.

"Why, Tompkins, what a fool you are!" I returned, with a burst of confidence; for I saw there was no getting rid of him unless I let him into the secret. "To tell you the truth, my boy, I have no notion of shooting Smithers, or letting him shoot me. We shall meet on the ground, to be sure, but I've got a little plan of my own that will prevent any evil consequences. There, does that satisfy you? Now go to-bed, do, or you will prevent me from putting my plan in execution."

"By jingo, old fellow! I am a fool, as you say," he exclaimed, with animation. "I ought to have known you would fix things. By Jove! I'm the happiest fellow south of Mason & Dixon's line. Yes, I will go to-bed. Good night." And he scampered along the passage, whistling like a fifer.

Having disposed of him, I managed with some little difficulty to get out of the house unobserved, and took my way towards the residence of the justice whom I intended to favor with my warning epistle. It was yet quite early in the night, and as I drew near the office of the legal functionary, in whom I placed all my hopes, I had the satisfaction to observe through the open window that he was seated at his desk reading. With a skill acquired by the habit of pitching coppers when a boy, I succeeded in tossing my note on to his desk, directly under his nose. He was naturally a good deal startled by this novel mode of delivery, and jumping from his chair, ran to the window, while I dodged behind a protecting clump of barberry bushes. Not being able to discover the bearer, he turned his attention to the letter, and having waited until he broke the seal and began perusing the contents, I started for the hotel, crawled up to my room, divested myself of a suit of clothes belonging to a credulous tailor, and jumping into bed, was soon fast asleep.

At the first glimmer of dawn on the following morning, I was awakened by a hand placed upon my shoulder, and the indistinct form of some person standing by my bedside.

"Eh?—hullo?—who's that?" I exclaimed, starting, I said, more asleep than awake.

"It's me," responded a voice from the direction of the shadowy figure.

"Well, that's definite," I replied; "for I never knew but one person of that name in my life."

"Well, I'm that person," continued the voice, which I now clearly recognized as belonging to Tompkins. "It's time to be getting ready, without you've altered your mind about fighting Smithers."

"Altered my mind! Of course I haven't," I replied, fumbling around after my clothes.

"Are you sure you've fixed it all right, so there wont be any danger?"

"Yes. Don't be alarmed about that. But I say, I wish you'd strike a light; I shall never get ready this way; it's as dark as Egypt. I've got on my trowserloons hind part before! Yes, and upside down, too, I believe! And I say, Tompkins, as you are to be my second, I want you to put on a bold face and appear as bloodthirsty as possible—d'ye understand?"

"No fear of me; you'll have nothing to complain of on that score," he replied, as he scratched a match, and got a candle under way. "I'll be as bold as brass; nobody can be braver than me when there's no danger to be apprehended."

A few minutes sufficed to complete our arrangements, and together we started for the place of meeting.

"You say you know where the place is, don't you, Tompkins?—this 'Blasted Cypress in Dead Man's Hollow.'"

"Yes. I had it pointed out to me when we were driving yesterday. But it is a good mile and a half from here, and we'll have to hurry to get there by sunrise."

Unwilling to be the last on the ground, we struck into a sort of cow canter, which speedily devoured the distance and brought us to the hollow of the dismal name. The other party had not yet arrived, and we spent a few minutes in examining the locality. You may be sure I looked about with no little anxiety, until I at length espied a number of men concealed in the bushes. The sight put me on my taps at once; I was a made man from that minute, and when Smithers, with his second, did make their appearance, I was strutting and prancing about as big as a dog with two tails, whistling in a lively way a beautiful air of my own composition, which, by the way, I intend shortly to publish under the title of "The Chicken's March to the Dough Dish."

Smithers and myself bowed grimly at each other as he advanced. I then introduced Tomp-

kins to Fitz Battleaxe, whereupon I aside, and having conferred toge minutes, again approached us with t ment that, if agreeable to us, the take place at twenty paces, each p the word. Having signified our a arrangement, Fitz Battleaxe pa marked the distance; then, after los tols in Tompkins's presence, brough to me that I might have a selection one with much apparent care, we our stations; the seconds stepped Fitz Battleaxe was in the very act "one, two, three—fire," when half rushed from their places of conceal shrubbery, and in an instant we w and prisoners!

Smithers was perfectly frantic wit disappointment, struggling and fight captors like a panther. Not to be bind in that sort of game, I raved at the mouth like a maniac; while scarcely knowing what steps he ong under such very peculiar circumst stock still and swore like a trooper utes on a stretch, without ever once take breath, much to the surpris Fitz Battleaxe who gazed at him in doubtless very much astonished t should be so cut up at the interr affair in which he might be supposed a remote interest.

Under the escort of these half doz of the peace we were carried away in conducted in triumph back to the v little million of boys at our tail, an durance vile at the hotel—Tompkin in one room, guarded by three co Smithers and his second in anoth guarded—where we awaited the op court, which was to be held for our c eft, for the purpose of imposing a f quence of our gross violation of the State, and the peace and dignity also to place us under good and suf to keep the peace toward mankind g each other particularly, for the spa number of months.

Numerous versions of the story of ed duel and its unfortunate interr rapidly noised abroad through all round about, very naturally producing intense excitement, so much so, in nine o'clock, A. M., the large ha store," where the town justice was pensed, was literally packed with a eager multitude, a "handsome" p which were ladies, among whom I h faction of observing Miss Mary Jon cause of all this hubbub and comm was looking unusually charming, with her wavy, silken, yellow hair, chin and violet-colored eyes—not to little fortune of thirty thousand doll her eye as we were marshalled in She knew well enough what had b sion of our going out "for to fight and she smiled so sweetly and appr me that for the moment I felt really net allowed my opponent to pitch n of lead in among my vitals for he my rapture was somewhat qualifie ceiving that she bestowed an equali glance upon my rival—these gals, c can't be satisfied with taking a man out of his thorax, but unless they him of all flesh the most miserab cousy, they do not seem to consid quest half completed.

The entire assembly were evident disposed in our favor; for after al like scamp, however peaceable and they may be themselves. The gentl ed about us, and shook hands alte Smithers and myself, while the la their dear little white teeth at us w looked towards them.

Presently three justices marched their seats at the upper end of the very grave and learned, and conse stupid. Several legal gentlemen w in attendance, one of whom was the attorney, or whatever else he may be may be giving him the wrong title lawyer myself, and do not preten knowledge of law—that is to say, matters,—but if you take me on transacting business in a debtor's thar. Well, as I was saying, the attorney opened the case by comme what at length upon the heinous crime we had meditated, stating t been warned of the affair the day wound up by asking permission to few witnesses.

At this stage of the proceedings, a legal gentleman got upon his legs, a dilequent period announced his int fending us; a proceeding on his brought Captain Fitz Battleaxe to t the mild remark:

"Look here, young man, just sit knock you down; our case is ridicu now without you making it more so."

"Why, I intended to defend you the amazed disciple of—of the old s

"Yes, I know it," replied Fitz sharply; "take the other side of t you may spout till doomsday if it p

The demolished counsel vanish case proceeded.

"James Squealpig, take the stan prosecuting attorney.

A little, short, chunky, foxy-lo took the stand and was sworn.

"Now, Mr. Squealpig," said t "you came to me yesterday with t tion that this meeting was to tak want you to state to the court how ered the fact."

"I didn't discover it at all; I was

"Very well; who told you?"

"The man that sent me to you."

"Well, who was that man?"

"He gave me a dollar not to tell, had I wouldn't."

"Mr. Squealpig," said the coun

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Smithers was perfectly frantic with rage and disappointment, struggling and fighting with his captors like a panther. Not to be any way behind in that sort of game, I raved and frothed at the mouth like a maniac; while Tompkins, scarcely knowing what steps he ought to pursue under such very peculiar circumstances, stood stock still and swore like a trooper for five minutes on a stretch, without ever once stopping to take breath, much to the surprise of Captain Fitz Battleaxe who gazed at him in amazement, doubtless very much astonished that a second should be so cut up at the interruption of an affair in which he might be supposed to have but a remote interest.

Under the escort of these half dozen guardians of the peace we were carried away into captivity, conducted in triumph back to the village with a little million of boys at our tail, and placed in durance vile at the hotel—Tompkins and myself in one room, guarded by three constables, and Smithers and his second in another, similarly guarded—where we awaited the opening of the court, which was to be held for our especial benefit, for the purpose of imposing a fine in consequence of our gross violation of the laws of the State, and the peace and dignity thereof; and also to place us under good and sufficient bonds to keep the peace toward mankind generally and each other particularly, for the space of a given number of months.

Numerous versions of the story of the attempted duel and its unfortunate interruption were rapidly noised abroad through all the region round about, very naturally producing the most intense excitement, so much so, indeed, that by nine o'clock, A. M., the large hall over "the store," where the town justice was usually dispensed, was literally packed with a curious and eager multitude, a "handsome" proportion of which were ladies, among whom I had the satisfaction of observing Miss Mary Jones, the pretty cause of all this hubbub and commotion. She was looking unusually charming, even for her, with her wavy, silken, yellow hair, her dimpled chin and violet-colored eyes—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars. I caught her eye as we were marshalled into the hall. She knew well enough what had been the occasion of our going out "for to fight," the minx, and she smiled so sweetly and approvingly upon me that for the moment I felt really sorry I had not allowed my opponent to pitch a small hunk of lead in among my vitals for her sake. But my rapture was somewhat qualified upon perceiving that she bestowed an equally fascinating glance upon my rival—these gals, confound 'em, can't be satisfied with taking a man's heart right out of his thorax, but unless they can render him of all flesh the most miserable with jealousy, they do not seem to consider their conquest half completed.

The entire assembly were evidently very much disposed in our favor; for after all, people do like spunk, however peaceable and law-abiding they may be themselves. The gentlemen crowded about us, and shook hands alternately with Smithers and myself, while the ladies showed their dear little white teeth at us whenever we looked towards them.

Presently three justices marched in and took their seats at the upper end of the hall, looking very grave and learned, and consequently very stupid. Several legal gentlemen were already in attendance, one of whom was the prosecuting attorney, or whatever else he may be called. I may be giving him the wrong title, for I'm no lawyer myself, and do not pretend to much knowledge of law—that is to say, in criminal matters,—but if you take me on the way of transacting business in a debtor's court, I am thar. Well, as I was saying, the prosecuting attorney opened the case by commenting somewhat at length upon the heinousness of the crime we had meditated, stating that he had been warned of the affair the day before, and wound up by asking permission to introduce a few witnesses.

At this stage of the proceedings, a very young legal gentleman got upon his legs, and in a grandiloquent period announced his intention of defending us; a proceeding on his part which brought Captain Fitz Battleaxe to his feet, with the mild remark:

"Look here, young man, just sit down or I'll knock you down; our case is ridiculous enough now without you making it more so."

"Why, I intended to defend you!" exclaimed the amazed disciple of—of the old scratch.

"Yes, I know it," replied Fitz Battleaxe, sharply; "take the other side of the case and you may spout till doomsday if it pleases you."

The demolished counsel vanished, and the case proceeded.

"James Squealpig, take the stand," said the prosecuting attorney.

A little, short, chunky, foxy-looking fellow took the stand and was sworn.

"Now, Mr. Squealpig," said the counsel, "you came to me yesterday with the information that this meeting was to take place. I want you to state to the court how you discovered the fact."

"I didn't discover it at all; I was told."

"Very well; who told you?"

"The man that sent me to you."

"Well, who was that man?"

"He gave me a dollar not to tell, and I promised I wouldn't."

"Mr Squealpig," said the counsel, severely, "remember you are under oath. If you do not answer more directly I shall move that you be fined for contempt. Who was that man, sir?"

"Well, then, if I must tell," replied the witness, doggedly, "it was—Mr. Smithers!"

"Mr. Smithers!" simultaneously exclaimed almost every individual in the court room, "Mr. Smithers!"

"Mr. Smithers!" reiterated the witness.

The excitement produced by this unexpected announcement was most intense. Fitz Battleaxe sprang from the side of my unhappy rival, who, completely overwhelmed, was gazing attentively at the toes of his boots, and sat himself down in a friendly way by my side. The other gentlemen drew back with looks of contempt and began shaking hands with me anew; the ladies showed their teeth at me more than ever; and the look I got from pretty Mary Jones convinced me that her affections and her hand were mine from that hour—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars. Poor Smithers looked as though there was nothing he desired more than for the ground to open and swallow him up—or down, whichever phrase may be proper,—and for the moment I scarcely knew whether most to pity his unfortunate predicament or despise the dastardly cowardice of his action!

Quiet having been restored, the counsel for the prosecution continued:

"But, your honor, the most singular portion of this remarkable affair has not yet been reached. I hold in my hand a communication received last night by a justice of this town, which I think, sir, you will agree with me in pronouncing a most remarkable document. It reads as follows:

"'SIR,—You will doubtless be very much surprised at receiving an anonymous letter; but I feel it my duty as a citizen to acquaint you with the fact that, at sunrise, to-morrow morning, at a place known as 'the Blasted Cypress in Dead Man's Hollow,' two gentlemen will meet in mortal combat; and I call upon you, sir, as a guardian of the public peace, to take measures to prevent any hostile encounter. Sir,—any attempt to ascertain the name of the writer of this communication will be in vain, as ample precautions have been taken against a discovery.

"'Very respectfully, ——.'

"Now, sir," continued the counsel, "your honor will perceive why I call it a remarkable document. It purports to be anonymous, but the writer, in the excitement of the moment, and overcome, doubtless, by the force of habit, so far forgot what he was doing, as to sign his name in full at the bottom of the page, where it now stands—'A JINX, Pugwash.'"

"It is false!" I roared. "That is not my hand-writing, nor nothing like it."

"I grant that the hand is disguised," returned the counsel, "but I think we can prove it to be yours, nevertheless. Mr. Tompkins take the stand."

Tompkins confounded and amazed, moved toward the stand and was sworn.

"Mr. Tompkins, you are acquainted with the hand-writing of Mr. Jinx, are you not?"

"Yes'r."

"Just examine the hand-writing of this letter, and inform the court whether, in your opinion, it is that of Mr. Jinx or not?"

Tompkins gazed at the letter a moment, and then cast a bewildered and frightened glance towards me. I, of course, could not counsel him to commit perjury and so looked perseveringly the other way.

"You needn't look at him, sir," said the counsel, sharply. "Just give the court your opinion about the writing. Is it his, sir, or is it not? What do you say, sir?"

"Y-e-es," faltered Tompkins, "I should say it was—that is—rather—"

"Your honor," continued the prosecuting attorney, "as it is very evident neither of these gentlemen contemplated the slightest breach of the peace, I therefore move that they be discharged."

"The prisoners are discharged," replied his honor.

The indignation and contempt that had been bestowed upon my rival was as nothing to that which was showered upon my devoted head, as Smithers, Tompkins and myself sneaked out of the court. The gentlemen moved away from our path in disgust, the ladies turned their backs in scorn, and pretty Mary Jones swept by us with an air calculated to impress both Smithers and myself with the conviction that we had forever forfeited all claim to her hand or her heart—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

"I say, Tompkins," I said to my friend, as I sat in my room at the hotel, about one hour after the close of the "last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history," "have you got everything packed?"

"Yes, everything; both shirts, all four of the dickeys, your 'tother cravat and everything—without it may be your fine-tooth comb and thimble, which are, I suspect, in the breast-pocket of your coat."

"That's all right. And I say, Tompkins, I think a little change of scene and air would be of benefit to us, don't you?"

"My opinion exactly; and between you and I, Jinx, I think there is scarcely a place in the Union presenting greater inducements for an enterprising young man to emigrate from than this very town we are now in."

Had the reader been standing upon the platform in front of the railroad station, when the cars whirled out of town that afternoon, he would have seen two noses flattened against two panes of glass in two adjoining windows on the right hand side, at about the centre of the rear car. Those two noses belonged to Tompkins and myself respectively.

Smithers left town by a private conveyance at about the same time. In regard to pretty Mary Jones, whose history I learned some time afterwards, it appears that Captain Fitz Battleaxe, immediately upon our departure, commenced paying his court to her in a very decided manner; in point of fact, laying regular and scientific siege to her; killing, wounding and maiming all who dared make any pretensions to her hand, until she was fairly compelled, by force of arms, as it were, to drop her maiden Jones and become Mrs. Captain Plantagenet Fitz Battleaxe, and the valiant captain is at this moment cheered by the smiles of a lovely and loving wife—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

My apology for not winding up with a moral, after the approved fashion, is that the story itself teaches absolutely nothing, without, indeed, its perusal may induce the young gentlemen of this country, upon receiving a challenge, either to say yes and fight without any nonsense, or to say no and plead principle; in either of which cases they will gain a reputation with some portion of the community. The story is not written in vain, however, for the young ladies will be pleased that pretty Mary Jones—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars—escaped the cowardly Smithers and fell into the hands of a brave man; the old ladies will be pleased that there was no blood shed; I, myself, am pleased because I get an excellent price for this article; and now that we are all pleased and smiling, I will cry "whoa" at once, and hold my horses where I am, before anything happens to vex any of us.

THE SENTIMENTALIST IN COURT.

"What is your name?" "My name is Norval on the Grampian hills." "Where did you come from?" "I come from the happy land, where care is unknown." "Where are you lodging now?" "I dreamt I dwels in marble halls." "Where are you going to?" "Far, fir o'er hill and dale." "What is your occupation?" "I play on a harp of a thousand strings." "Are you married?" "Long time ago. Polly put the kettle on." "When were you married?" "'Twas twelve o'clock one starlight night. I ever shall remember." "How many children have you?" "There's Dell and Bet, and Moll and Kate, and—" "What is your wife's name?" "O no, I never mention her." "Did your wife oppose your leaving?" "She wept not when we parted." "Is your family provided for?" "A little farm well tilled." "Did your wife drive you off?" "O, sublime was the warning." "What did your wife say to you that induced you to slope?" "Come, rest in this bosom." "Was your wife good looking?" "She was all my fancy painted her." "Did your wife ever treas you badly?" "Oft in the stilly night." "When you announced your intention of emigrating, what did your wife say?" "O dear, what can the matter be." "And what did you reply?" "Sweet Kitty Clover, don't bother me so." "Where did you last see her?" "We met, 'twas in a crowd." "What did the say to you when you were in the act of leaving?" "Go, forget me." "Do you still love her?" "The minstrel's returned from the war." "What are your possessions?" "Old Dog Tray." "What do you propose to do with him?" "Send him to the other side of Jordan." "How do you propose to make a living?" "Pull off my coat and roll up my sleeves." The judge couldn't stand any more, and accordingly sent him up for three months.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE CANARY BIRDS AND CAT.

Two Canary birds occupied an elegant and commodious cage, well provided with seed, water and seed; and to all appearances they might have spent their lives in one continuous round of happiness. Both were excellent singers, and, what was surprising, neither was jealous of the other's talent; they sang in concert, and none ever saw them quarrel. But on an unfortunate day their owner suspended a ring from the roof of the cage, and both Canarics, while singing, were determined to occupy this ring, because they thought it better adapted to their voices. The ring, however, was large enough for one only, and its occupation became a bitter question between them. Both strove to gain the coveted seat, and the victor announced his triumph in a loud song. The other, irritated by the success of his rival, flew at him, and a sharp battle ensued. A wise cat watched the combatants with eager eye, and when they fluttered near the wires, hastily thrust a paw through the bars and seized them. One she drew out of the cage and instantly devoured, while the other, sadly wounded by her claws, died soon afterwards. All this would not have happened had both birds displayed that forbearance towards each other, so necessary to a life of harmony and happiness.

Choir singers, does this fable apply to you? Are you always contented with the seat pointed out to you by your conductor? If not, remember the fate of the unfortunate Canary birds; and do not forget that some great cat of a gossip may put forth the paw of a rumor, which will set you down as a quarrelsome and unpleasant personage, and which, if it does not destroy your existence, will at least ruffle the feathers of your reputation.—*Musical Review.*

A DEAD SHOT.

A good story is told of U——, of Racine, an indefatigable and successful sportsman, "dead shot" at anything in the game kind, but particularly "fine lined" on wild geese, whose heads were sure to suffer "just back of the eye," if within range of his rifle. Not many seasons since, our hero, with an equally fun-loving friend, after spending a day with their dogs and guns, were wending their way homeward, when, in the evening twilight, the waggish companion discovered the neck of a wild goose peering through a neighboring fence.

"Stop your noise," said U——, "and wait a bit. I'll have him just back of the eye—you can bet your life on that."

Stepping back a pace, and bringing the old rusty to his face, he blazed away.

"Hullo there!" followed back the report; "what are you shooting there for? Don't you know the difference between the *handle of a corn plough* and a goose's neck?"

"I was enough? U—— had shot the handle off a corn plough, "just back of the eye!"—*St. Louis Republican.*

WONDERS OF THE AGE.

The rapidity with which books are now manufactured is almost incredible. A complete copy of one of Bulwer's novels, published in England in three volumes, and re-produced in New York in one, was swept through the press in fifty hours, and offered for sale, smoking hot, in the street spare yards, and oyster-tongs, and in the centre were several heavy anchors and two or three superannuated, heavy guns. Leaving this and stepping on board I found the men in a feverish state of excitement.

I endeavored to shame them out of their fears by laughing at what I termed their folly, upon which they promised that if I watched in the forecastle, where they deemed the most danger was to be encountered, and if I could explain the mysterious visitation to their satisfaction, they would sail the next day. Taking with me two of the most timid, and sending the rest to the cabin, I went below, and stretching myself on a sea-chest, was sinking into a deep slumber, when a noise, as of something falling on deck, brought me to my feet, and immediately a rolling sound was heard followed by a sudden plash as of something falling overboard; this was repeated three at intervals of about a minute, each time, however, increasing in loudness, when all was hushed. Taking advantage of the pause, I directed my two men upon no account to make a disturbance, unless I called, and went on deck.

After searching everywhere, and putting my ear down to listen, until completely tired out, I wrapped myself up in a forecoil and awaited in curious anxiety. Remaining half an hour without any signs of a repetition, I again went below and prepared to sleep. I had barely time to get comfortably stretched, when, as I had just begun to doze, a noise, louder, heavier and more terrible than any preceding one, brought my timid companions trembling to my side; but, unlike the former, it did not extend beyond the deck, no rumbling over head, no splash of water was heard, it ended as if something had been crushed to atoms where it fell; then followed the same gentle, lulling sound of the water upon the vessel's prow, the same gentle breeze was heard moaning in the rigging, and the dread silence of the forecastle was broken only by the loud heart-beats of my superstitious and horror-stricken attendants.

I crawled noiselessly from below, and hearing a slight rustling in the direction of the shed, I passed over the bow and moved softly round to listen. On arriving at the opening in front I looked cautiously in, and what was my surprise to see a figure approach from the further corner, with something held in what appeared to be an outstretched arm. It moved slowly and guardedly towards the spot where I stood concealed by a large box. Quick as lightning the truth flashed across my mind. I closely scrutinized the object. It was held by a *small, gloved hand*, which was now near my face, and *lo, it was a huge turnip!* The figure placed itself in an attitude as if to throw it with more than ordinary strength, when I stepped forward and there fell into my arms the form of Clara Sea. Another *slight report* might have been heard, and the ghost would trouble us no more. I waited till the day of the picnic, and the one following—and another, and another—until the old man began to go oftener than usual on the wharf, and then sailed out of port, perhaps not so enthusiastic a sailor, but a more devoted lover. Clara's artifice, if it did not frighten us into giving up the voyage, hastened a marriage ceremony!

[Written for The Flag of our Union]

THE HAUNTED BRIG.

BY R. LINTON WEATHERBE.

It was an autumn evening. The dead leaves were falling about the garden, and all was still save the noise of the flood lapping the sea-weed on the shore. Two persons were walking beneath the old trees in the garden, one was a young man in whom was exhibited somewhat of the mien of a sailor, though scarce twenty summers had broadened his shoulders, and though a foreign sun had browned his cheek, yet he was "full of lusty life." Upon his arm leaned a lovely, laughing creature, just bursting into glorious womanhood; her eye sparkled with the fires of wit and mischief; she seemed one who could laugh at every disappointment, and by whom to be beloved was bliss. Silver-toned words were dropping from her rosy lips. She gaily reproved him of the broad shoulders at her side.

"Do you sail so soon then? How naughty, Rupert. I shall be getting jealous of Mistress Ocean. You have scarcely arrived, and now you are anxious to go. Mayhap some pretty one of the luxuriant South calls you from your cold maiden of the North. Ha! methinks that brown cheek waxes a little brighter at the accusation. O, you naughty, naughty boy! Remain a few days longer and attend our picnic. I shall be alone without my manly Rupert. Come, say you will."

"Were it possible, Clara, I would, but I *must* sail. I should have been away three days ago, but for those superstitious fellows who have got an idea that the vessel is haunted. And now they will not sail without I stay to-night in the forecastle and unravel the mystery for them. If I succeed in shaming them, we are to sail to-morrow. The whole village is astir with their foolish stories."

"You don't believe in ghosts, then?"

"Nor does Clara, I presume."

"I believe in *ghosts*, the evil spirits which haunt the vessel of Rupert Lyons and in—"

"Good night, Clara." And Rupert walked towards the wharf.

The scene was on the banks of one of those quiet little harbors, where merchants sometimes grow silently rich, away from the noise and smoke of the crowded city. It was in Prince Edward's Island, a good many years ago, when commerce was an infant there. I was a young man then, and had charge of a small brig sailing to the South. We had just completed taking in a cargo for New Orleans, and intended trading among the West India Islands until spring should unlock the harbors of my fatherland, which winter always fastened with strong bars of ice. My employer was the principal merchant of the place, and lived near the wharf. We were distantly related by marriage, but a near tie of friendship bound us closer than blood. Perhaps that tie was Clara Sea, perhaps it was; at any rate I had always lived with him previous to going to sea, and now, when in port, spent all my leisure hours at their pleasant home; there was Rupert's room still, and Rupert's slippers, and his writing-desk, and his rifle, and his dog.

I was passionately fond of the sea, and being scarce out of my teens, the acme of my ambition was to make shorter stays and quicker voyages than any other vessel; and now that I had a share in the business, private interest supplied to ambition what it might be losing of youthful enthusiasm. Upon the whole I am afraid I was but a sorry lover, and my coldness and neglect were sufficient incentives to awaken the witty sarcasms of the pretty Clara, which were always joined by the jovial laugh of old Mr. Sea.

According to the statements of the crew, the brig had been haunted for several nights previous to the completing of her load, by nocturnal visits; and these still continued to be kept up. One had seen a small, whitish figure jump from the wharf, hop quickly across the deck and leap into the water; another had seen two figures passing quickly around the shed on the wharf, and all had heard loud reports at midnight, as of the explosion of a gun upon the deck. The combination of these strange events had so terrified the superstitious sailors, that many of them refused to sail until I should convince them by other means than words that they were laboring under a delusion. And now, when three days were gone, and their lively imaginations were enlarging everything tenfold, I determined to watch one night and weigh anchor on the morrow; and for that purpose, on the evening alluded to, after taking a hasty leave of Clara, I proceeded in the direction of the vessel. The long wharf was deserted by all the craft, and not a spar arose above the wharf save those of our little brig which lay moored at the further end. Two small schooners had just moved into the channel, and were awaiting a more favorable wind. The night was growing rather dark, but disturbed only by soft zephyrs which sighed softly in the rigging. Having arrived at the outer block, and before going on board I made a review of the place. Near the bow of the vessel and opening in the other direction, was a shed or storehouse, erected on the wharf, for convenience in loading and unloading. Entering and casting a searching glance around the interior, I satisfied myself that no one was there concealed. Barrels and boxes were piled against its walls. In this corner was heaped a lot of large turnips, in that were arranged casks, and spare yards, and oyster-tongs, and in the centre were several heavy anchors and two or three superannuated, heavy guns. Leaving this and stepping on board I found the men in a feverish state of excitement.

I endeavored to shame them out of their fears by laughing at what I termed their folly, upon which they promised that if I watched in the forecastle, where they deemed the most danger was to be encountered, and if I could explain the mysterious visitation to their satisfaction, they would sail the next day. Taking with me two of the most timid, and sending the rest to the cabin, I went below, and stretching myself on a sea-chest, was sinking into a deep slumber, when a noise, as of something falling on deck, brought

AFFECTION OF THE ELEPHANT.

The Columbus Fact, of a recent date, relates the following interesting story of affection recently exhibited in an elephant belonging to Herr Drebach's menagerie, for his keeper. "The menagerie, on coming into Newark, Ohio, the other day," says the Fact, "the elephant's keeper fell in a fit from his horse. The whole menagerie immediately came to a halt, and some members of the company went forward to pick up the man, but the elephant would not allow any person to approach the senseless form of his keeper. Taking him up with his trunk, softly, he would place him on his horse, but finding that the man was senseless, he laid him down on the ground and kept watch over him. Many members of the menagerie tried to soothe the faithful elephant, who had now become furious at the supposed death of his master, but to no purpose, and there the man lay, watched by the sagacious animal. After lying in this condition for some time, a physician, who had been sent for, arrived, and yet the elephant would allow no one to approach. At length the keeper became so far conscious as to command the elephant to let the physician come near, and the elephant was docile and obedient in a moment, and the keeper was properly cared for—the elephant all the while expressing the utmost anxiety for the sick man."—*Baltimore American.*

SAUSAGES AGAIN.

Apropos of sausage meat, I lately heard a matter-of fact, elderly gentleman laying down the law on an important point connected therewith. "Being intimately acquainted," said Mr. Fogy, "with an eminent sausage-maker in the city of Churches, I once took occasion to ask him if there was any foundation to the popular belief that 'old dog Tray ever faithful,' sometimes found a premature grave in the commodities of inferior dealers. He utterly denied the possibility of such a thing, and proved it to me at length. 'In the first place,' he said, 'the price of dogs is greatly increased by the new regulations; secondly, the dog is a very troublesome and tedious animal to skin; thirdly, the meat is white, easily detected; fourthly,—'" At this stage of the demonstration two or three of the company simultaneously expressed their conviction that the eminent sausage-vender's intimate knowledge of the subject was somewhat suspicious, and that we might without uncharitableness suppose that he himself had tried the experiment at any rate.—*Knickerbocker.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

BY MILDRED MONTROSE.

I am lonely, I am lonely,
Although many friends are round;
I am lonely, I am lonely,
For thou art not with them found.

As a flower deprived of sunlight,
Droop I, when afar from thee;
As a bird, with wounded pinion,
With thee yearns my heart to be.

Ever with thee; I am pining,
In the beauty-haunted night;
When the holy stars are shining,
For thy dark eyes' gentle light.

Come to me, O come and cheer me,
With thy spirit stirring tone;
But, alas, alas cannot not hear me,
I am lonely, all alone!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

KISSING A GHOST.

BY EMMA CARRA.

READER, we locate our tale at Newport, and though it occurred a few years back it may be none the less new to you.

Captain Weston could with a firm step walk the deck of his noble ship, when the wind shrieked through the shrouds or sent the strong spray flying through the air like eddies of hot sand borne by the simooms of the desert. He had been known to give orders to his faithful crew with voice unfaltering, when the scorching flames leaped along the sides of his outward bound vessel, and threatened to envelope all in certain destruction. Yes, and when fields of ice were mirrored on every side of the bark that alone divided him from death, he had stood unmoved, and gazed on the spectacle—not even a blanched cheek showing the inward thoughts. But Captain Weston on the sea, seemed to almost lose his identity when he was on land, for, although he could sit on the deck of the Dart, in southern latitudes, and look upward at the phenomena that were going on among the planets and stars, and watch the fantastic beings that inhabited that lofty region, he could not bear to hear of the marvellous at home. Away off, where the hot breath of day lingers through the night, he could see headless horsemen galloping through the air, and whole battalions wheeling to the right and left; while he, unmoved, save with sublime awe, would, in imagination, fix his mind's eye on some point where the aerial combatants would meet and charge.

On his own planky domain, he loved with his faithful officers to speak of these things, and tell of the wonders he saw while he kept watch on deck. But when the prow of the Dart touched land, all allusion to the marvellous, to ghosts and hobgoblins ceased, except an occasional chat, mischievously carried on by some old acquaintances, to tease the captain.

It was that month in the year when flowers look the freshest, that the Dart's cable was once more coiled around the huge wharf-post, after a long and money-making voyage. All was joy and hilarity at the large, brown mansion where dwelt the captain's family, and his fair Annie of eighteen was to give a mixed party of both old and young, by the way of calling together the captain's friends to bid him welcome home after his prosperous voyage. The old veteran of the sea was none of your unbending aristocratic captains, that seem to think because they can coin money where less steady nerves dare not venture, that they ought to be looked up to with a little more deference than other human beings; but he could romp and play with infancy, sing, dance and play the violin, or games of forfeits with youth, and every rosy checked girl thought herself peculiarly fortunate in getting a kiss from him when would soon depart again, and perhaps return no more for years. Mrs. Weston and her daughter did their best to have the party a brilliant one—no expense was spared—the new crate of elegant dishes that the captain brought from China, were now used for the first time, and various little luxuries were prepared according to receipts that he had obtained abroad.

"O, I want to dance with the captain, this time," said Charlotte Lacy, a little madcap daughter of 'Squire Lacy, "for he is so light on the floor and tells such funny stories between the figures, that I had rather dance with him than any one in the room."

"Don't prefer him to Charley Granger, his young mate," said Annie Weston, to whom the words were addressed.

"His first, or second mate?" said Charlotte, archly, with her eyes bent on the other.

"O, I don't like sailors any way," answered Annie, looking rather grave; "they are so superstitious. Why, the other evening, Philip and Charles were in, and there were several other young men, and some of the girls here too, and they talked so silly about ghosts and apparitions that I felt ashamed, and some of the girls teased me about it afterwards."

This was said in an under tone, and then Annie and Charlotte took a fancy that they would not dance this set; so passing their arms around each other's waists, they strolled out into the garden, and seated themselves in the summer-house. They had known each other since early childhood, and as they grew older, each was in the other's confidence. What Annie knew was usually told to Charlotte, though of late she sometimes tried to hide from her friend how much she really loved her father's first mate, Philip Clarke; while, on the other hand, Charlotte seemed less embarrassed in conversing on any subject, when Charles Granger, the second mate, was not spoken of.

"Don't you think is a very foolish idea, Annie," said Charlotte, "sailors are apt to get into their heads, believing the spirits of the departed come back, and after dressing up in white, cut up all kind of pranks with those they left behind?"

"I do," replied the other, "but sailors' superstition is proverbial. I wish there was some way to cure them of their foolish notions, especially to make Philip and Charles think differently, for I do really feel provoked when I hear them tell of seeing, in dark nights, old women in antique costumes, on the forecastle, by gestures and motions communicating news from home; and to hear them convert so many little trifling mysteries into the marvellous, when by a little pains they might search into them, and then every mystery would explain itself."

"Let us see if we can't break them of such notions, Annie," said Charlotte, laughing.

"O, I have seen that tried too often with father, to have any hope of a sailor's becoming like other folks. He used to be dreadful superstitious, and is now, although I have known mother to manufacture more than one ghost out of stuffed night-dresses and caps, and put them in some by-place where she knew he would have to pass, and then when he appear d before her, pale and trembling, she would prove by plain demonstrations how groundless were all fears based on the belief in ghosts; and although he would acknowledge the cheat that time, still he believes in them even to this day, and nothing makes him so uncomfortable as to talk about such imaginary beings."

"Pshaw! Annie, you take such things too seriously," said her companion, pleasantly. "Listen to me, and I will tell you of a plan, that if all goes right you will never catch Philip or Charley to say *ghost* again as long as they live."

"If I could only believe you," said Annie, her face lit up by the light of hope and the full round moon.

"O, you can; it is this: You know they love each other just as well as we do, so in order to be together at night, they occupy the same state-room on board of the ship now, as they do when they are at sea."

"I know it," returned Annie, "and sometimes they spend several hours in the cabin after their return from an evening's entertainment, to smoke and chat."

"Yes, and will to night; so I propose that we get your father's key to the cabin, and be there before them, completely metamorphosed into ghosts, dressed in white; all the addition we shall have to make, will be to hide our dark curls beneath white caps and take a couple of tablecloths for shawls. As soon as they leave the front door, we will slip down the back way through the garden to where the vessel is moored. As we live so near the water we shall not be afraid to return after they run away and leave the ship; and then to-morrow evening we will tell them the whole story, to show them how easily they can be deceived, and we will make a compromise with them not to tell how we frightened them, if they will never say anything more about ghosts, and the unaccountable noises they have heard."

"And how shall we proceed after we get into the cabin?" said Annie.

"O, we will behave very much like other ghosts—give a few unearthly, though not very loud shrieks, accompanied by mysterious groans, and then if the cabin in only lit up by the moon, we will sound away in a sung harbor, or we should not be here helping ourselves to-night."

"And where are his mates?" said Jim.

"I can tell you, for I sat and watched behind that big elm tree in front of the captain's house, till I saw them come out and go up towards the Plato House, and I heard one say to the other he guessed they wouldn't go on board to-night, as everything was safe and the valuables away; so then I came up after you. And I tell what it is Jim, there is enough left here yet to make us and in the same figure were Charlotte and Charley, each looking as fresh as the bouquets just brought from the garden. When the company became weary of dancing, the luxurious supper was partaken of, and then they separated into various groups, to chat and sing, or tell tales.

"Suppose you should see a ghost, Charles," said Charlotte, gravely, "moving around here in the garden; what would you do?"

"What would I do? I would tack sheet for some other coast pretty quick."

"And I, too," rejoined Philip.

Both Charlotte and Annie leaned over and looked into their faces very seriously.

"And do you really believe in ghosts?" said the latter.

"Of course we do," said both young men, in a breath.

The girls looked at them for a moment very steadily, for there was an expression about their mouths that they could not seem to fathom, but they did not appear to notice their look of surprise, so in a moment more the conversation went on. When the large eight-day clock in the corner announced the hour of twelve, the party broke up, for there were but few of the company who had not at some former period heard the captain say he was not fond of keeping a late watch on land. One after another took leave, and as Annie had prophesied, the two young men among the last. Annie informed her mother that Charlotte would stay with her that night, which arrangement seemed to be satisfactory to Mrs. Weston, and seizing a light they hastened to their room to make speedy preparations for their nocturnal visit, while the captain went to make all fast ere he went to his chamber.

"Be quick," said Charlotte, as they ran through the shadows of the foliage of the garden, "or they will get on board before us, and then they might be roguish enough to try to frighten us."

"They wouldn't dare do that to the captain's daughter and her friend," said Annie; and they hurried on, and were presently by the side of the vessel. Springing on board, they applied the key they had taken from the desk drawer, to the cabin lock, and entering they groped along the cabin, with which they were familiar; then wrapping their shroud-like garments about them, each hid herself behind some portion of the drapery of the cabin. They had but just time to conceal themselves when they heard footsteps without and a spring over the vessel's side.

"They are coming," whispered Charlotte.

"Yes," returned Annie, so let us give a sound between a groan and a shriek, and one of us appear before they have a chance to light a lamp, for if they should obtain a light, they might be too courageous to run, and then we should be caught in our own trap."

In a moment more a key slowly turned in the lock, and then by the dim light let in at the small window of the cabin, the girls discovered a male form enter. And now came from the farther end of the long room an unearthly sound, followed in quick succession by another and another, and then glided out from her hiding place, Charlotte, closely enveloped in white drapery.

"O, Heaven! save me, save me!" in wild tones now rung out on the night air, and then a manly form dashed over the ship's side nor stopped till the vessel was lost from view. The cabin door was left open, and Charlotte followed the retreating figure up to the deck, where, to her dismay, she saw it was not either of their lovers but Captain Weston, who, with a duplicate key, had come down to the ship before retiring, to make sure all was right. Charlotte closed the cabin door, but she did not lock it, and going to the spot where Annie was concealed, they talked in an undertone.

"What shall we do?" said Annie. "I am afraid we have done mortal injury to father; for unless we go to him and acknowledge the whole, he never will believe that the ship is not haunted, and nothing will tempt him to go to sea in her again."

"O dear!" answered Charlotte, "if we do that, my mother and father will blame me for engaging in such a farce. I wish we had stayed at home and minded our own business, and let Philip and Charles believe in ghosts till they died of old age. I have fancied to-night that they hadn't so much faith in ghosts, as they have sometimes tried to make us believe they have, didn't you?"

"Hark!" said Annie, "I think I hear footsteps on deck." And then both crouched together and drew the drapery more closely about them, while the sounds grew nearer, and soon there was a fumbling about the cabin-door. Charlotte whispered to Annie: "There they are surely, but we wont make any noise till they get clear in."

At this moment the door slowly opened and two men entered with a dark lantern, and setting it down on a chair, each drew a pistol from beneath his coarse overcoat, and with their backs towards the girls, examined.

"All right, Bill," said the taller of the two; "but I guess there's nobody here to oppose us, so perhaps we shan't have to use them."

"Well, Jim," said the other; "let's go to the locker first, and see if there is any silver plate on board. This is a big craft—there ought to be some, and then after that we will search for more valuables. It seems to me they take a queer way to keep things secure on board here, leaving the cabin door so that all a midnight rover need do is to walk in and help himself. The captain of this boat must be a fine man or he would not be so accommodating."

"I wonder where he is?" said the first speaker.

"Stowed away in a snug